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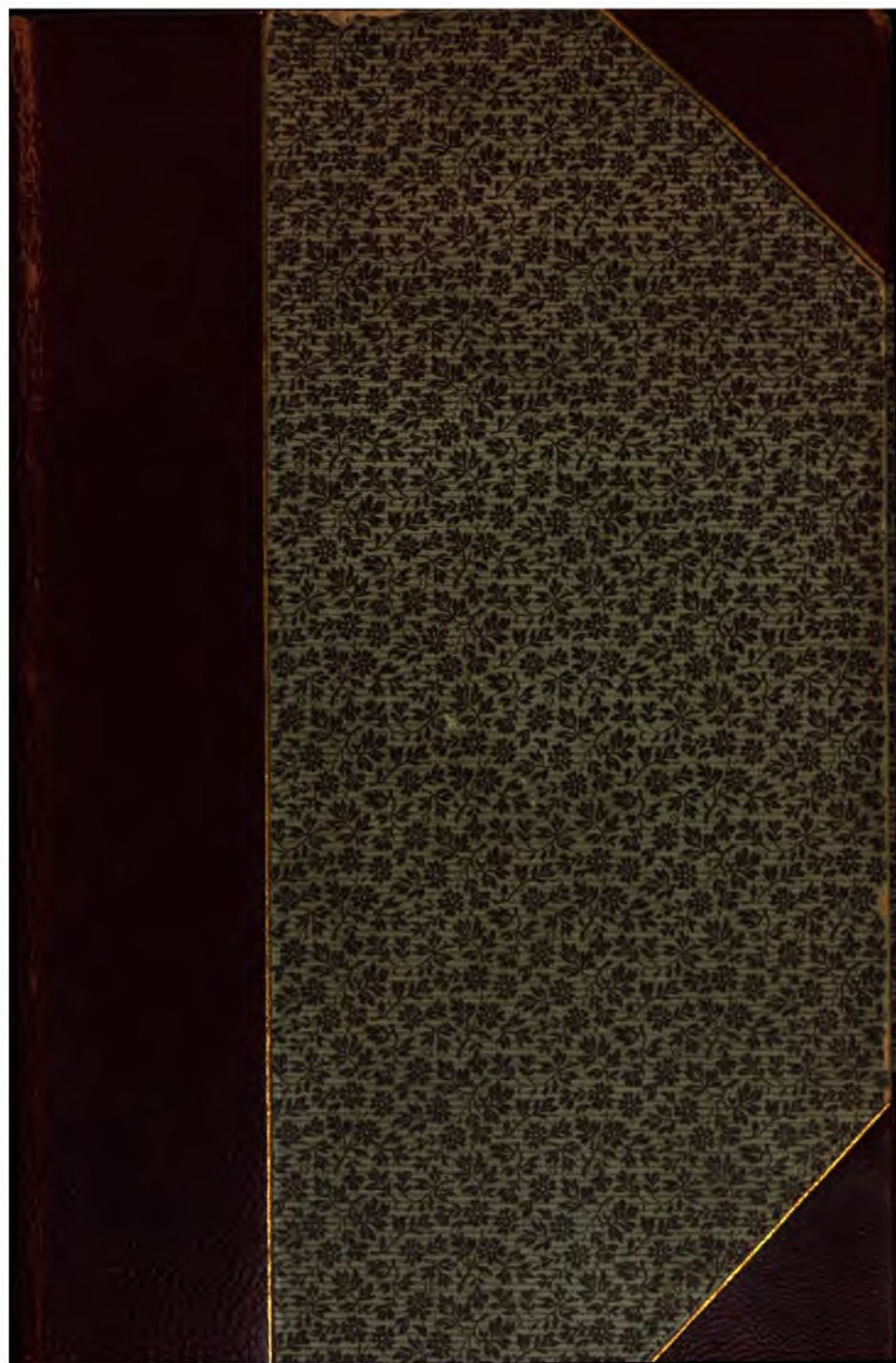
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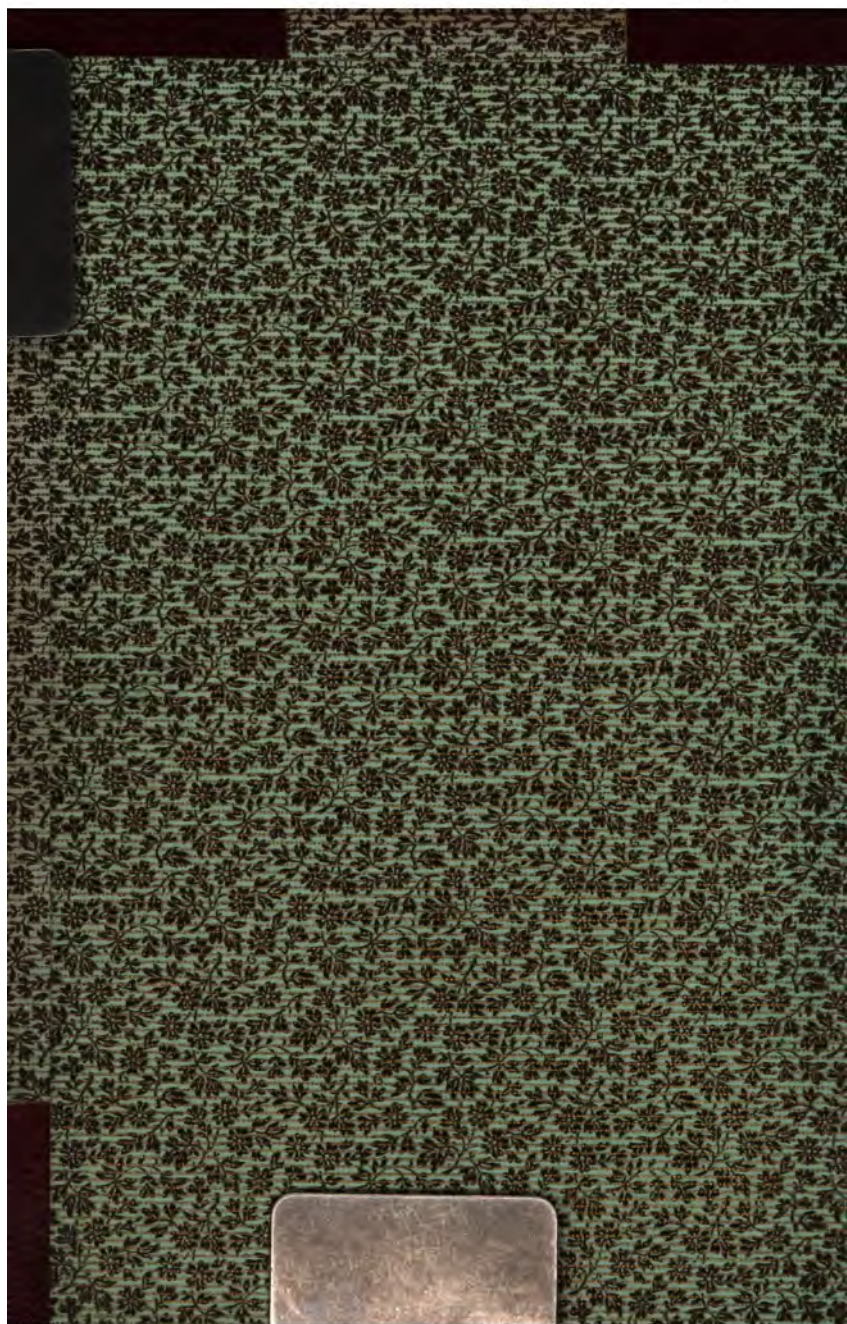
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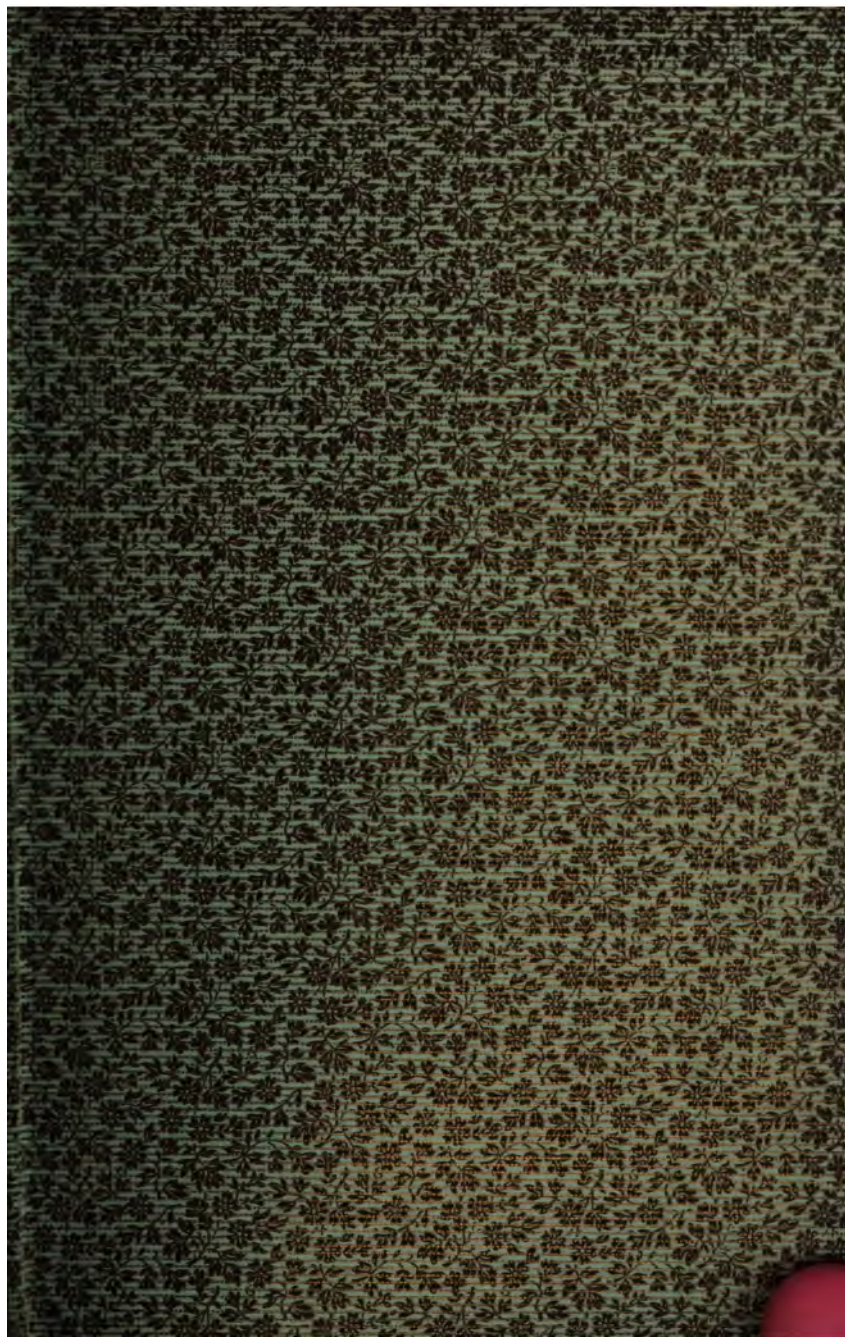
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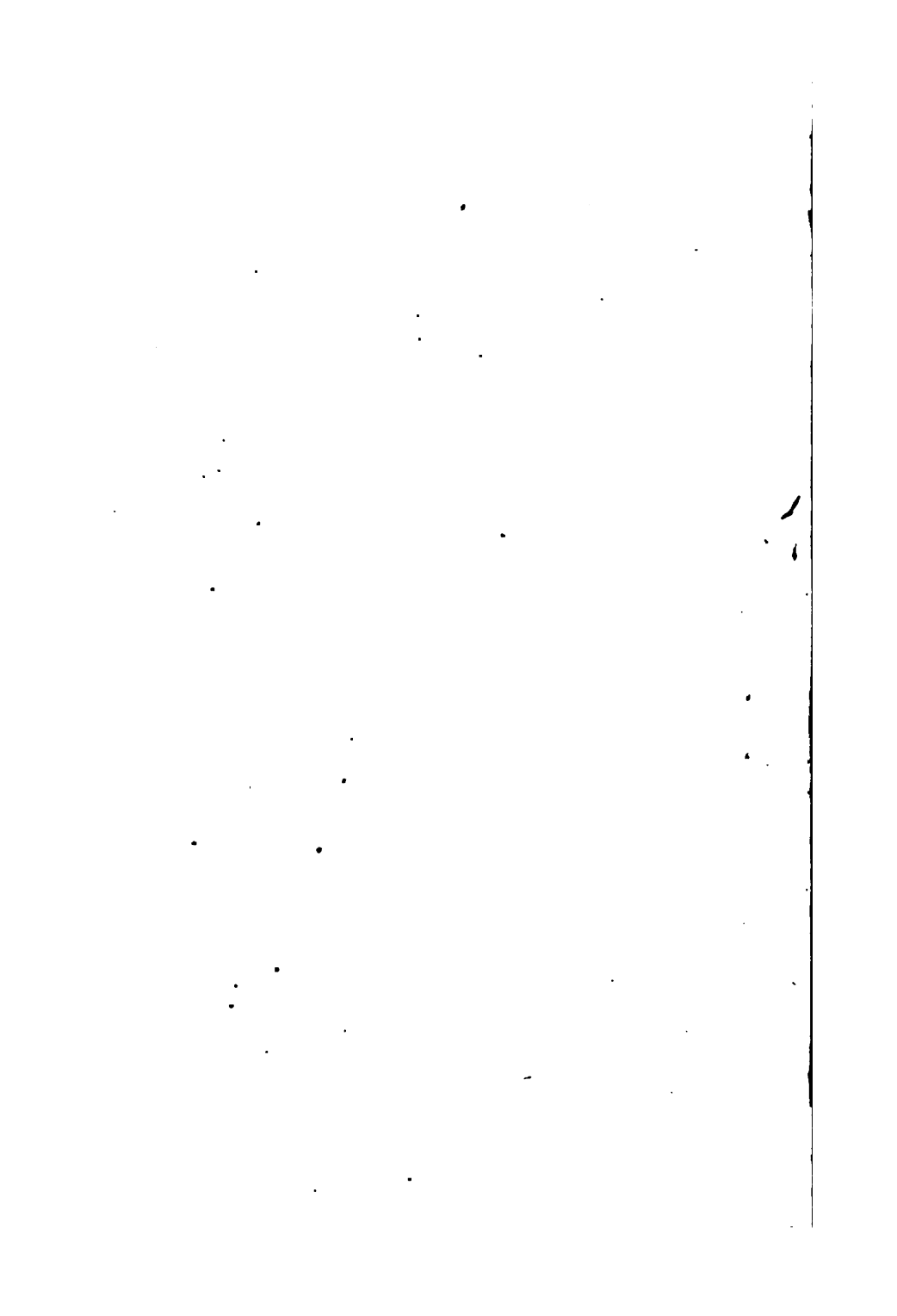






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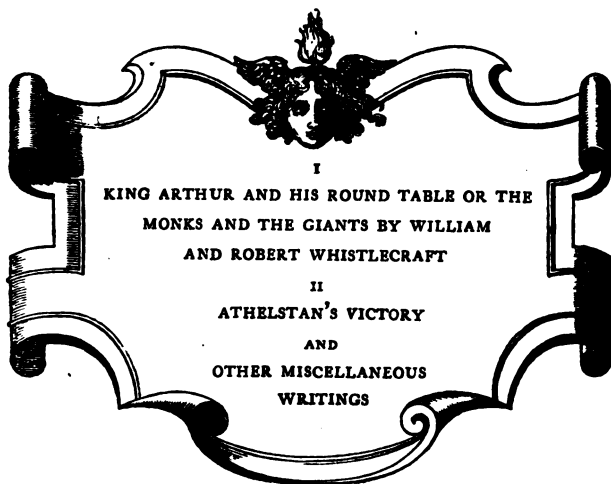




MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF
JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.



JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE'S
NATIONAL POEMS



EDITED AND PREFACED BY
RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD



BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING
LONDON

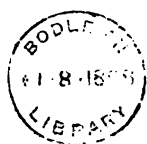
1867





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BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE.

IT has been thought desirable that the miscellaneous Writings of the late accomplished translator of Aristophanes—hitherto buried in the bulky or voluminous publications to which they were originally contributed—should be collected together in a separate volume, with such minimum of introduction and comment as might seem necessary, and rendered easily accessible to the general public, who have hitherto scarcely had an opportunity of pronouncing their verdict on his rare and singular genius. Of this idea the present venture is the result.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE was born on the 21st of May, 1769. He was the eldest son of John Frere, Esq., of Roydon Hall, Norfolk. His father sat in Parliament as Member for Norwich, and had evidently some of the literary tastes which the more famous son inherited, as we find he was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries. His mother was Jane, only

daughter of John Hookham, Esq. of Beddington Surrey.

In his sixteenth year he was sent to Eton, where he formed a friendship with his fellow-collegian George Canning, which continued unabated during their joint lives.¹ In 1786 the two schoolfellows embarked together in a small literary undertaking. They started, on the sixth of November in that year, a periodical publication entitled "The Microcosm," which appeared every Monday until the thirtieth July of the following year. Eton itself was a *μικροκοσμος*, or little world, from which they began to look out with hope and ambition into the larger world beyond—its interests and affairs. To this work, which extended to forty numbers, Frere contributed five papers, remarkable for their clear pellucid style and justness of thought and criticism, though scarcely evincing the power and originality which he subsequently discovered as a translator.² In the latter capacity he first distinguished himself by a translation into Anglo-Norman of an Anglo-Saxon poem on Athelstan's Victory at Brunan-burg, printed by his friend George Ellis in his *Specimens of English Poetry*, which won him

¹ Canning was Frere's junior by just a year, having been born April 11, 1770. Frere, however, survived his friend, as we shall see, for nearly twenty years.

² "The Microcosm, a Periodical Work, by Gregory Griffin." Windsor, printed for C. Knight, 1787.





MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS OF
JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.



of the original. These had been handed about in manuscript for some time among his intimate friends—Scott, Ellis, Heber, and the Hollands—and had excited much curiosity and interest. These he was now induced by Southey to contribute as a supplement or Appendix to his *Chronicle of the Cid*.¹

Mr. Ticknor says, in quoting some passages from these translations:—"This and the two following translations were made by Mr. J. Hookham Frere, one of the most accomplished scholars England has produced, and one whom Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced to be the first of English translators. He was for some years British Minister in Spain, and by a conjectural emendation which he made of a line in *this very poem*, known only to himself and the Marquis de la Romana, was able to accredit a secret agent to the latter in 1808, when he was commanding a body of Spanish troops in the French service on the soil of Denmark;—a circumstance that led to one of

¹ "I saw Frere in London, and he has promised to let me print his translations from the '*Poema del Cid*.' They are admirably done,—indeed, I never saw anything so difficult to do, and done so excellently, except your supplement to Sir Tristrem. I do not believe that many men have a greater command of language and versification than myself, and yet this task of giving a specimen of that wonderful poem I shrunk from, fearing the difficulty."—*Southey to Walter Scott, April 22, 1808.*

“ the most important movements in the war
“ against Bonaparte.”¹

In 1808, as the reader will have gathered from the above extract, Mr. Frere again went to Madrid, where, in the following year, in acknowledgment of his zealous services, the Junta conferred upon him the Castilian title of Marquis de la Union, which the Prince Regent allowed him to accept.

His quarrel with Sir John Moore, on the subject of his projected retreat in the winter of 1808, has no bearing on his literary career, and, from any point of view, it is now difficult to make the matter interesting or intelligible to the general reader. An affair which, for the rest, made much noise and caused much newspaper comment in those days ; now grown very obscure, and only to be stated here in the briefest way.

A writer in the “ Quarterly Review ” sums up the matter in these words :—

“ We confess we have all along sided, and we
“ continue to side with Mr. Frere in our view of
“ the affairs of Spain. We confess that we have
“ faith in Mr. Frere’s judgment, even though
“ we allow that the spectacle of a great nation
“ struggling for its political independence had
“ power to warm him into enthusiasm. We

¹ Ticknor’s “ History of Spanish Literature ” (Lond. 1849), vol. i. p. 18. See also Southey’s “ History of the
“ Peninsular War ” (Lond. 1823), vol. i. p. 657.

“believe in his faculty of discriminating political truth and forming political calculations, notwithstanding the acknowledged drawback of an original genius, and the admitted disqualification of varied acquirements and cultivated talents. We know that the sentiments upon which he has acted have endeared him to Spain, and we do not despair of seeing them justified to this Country—if they may not rather be said to be, so far as any recorded opinions of his are concerned, already fully justified by the event.”¹

In whatever way the praise or blame is to be apportioned in these transactions, Mr. Frere was replaced in the same year by the Marquess Wellesley. From this time he retired from diplomatic life, and devoted himself more exclusively to literature. He had become entitled by his services to a pension of £1700 a year, which he enjoyed till his death.

He was one of the projectors of the *Quarterly Review*, together with Gifford (the editor) and Southey. Two articles—one on Fox and another

¹ *Quarterly Review*, vol. ii. p. 234. Those who wish to follow up this affair in all its details can also consult Colonel Charmilly's "Narrative of his Transactions in Spain with the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere," Lond. 1810; and Moore's "Narrative of the Campaign of the British Army in Spain," 4to. Lond. 1809, where twelve letters of Frere, addressed to Sir John Moore and others are printed.

on Pitt—in the early numbers, are attributed to him.¹

On September 12, 1816, at the age of forty-seven, he married Elizabeth-Jemima, dowager Countess of Erroll, who is described as “a lady of rare endowments and accomplishments.”

We now come, in due chronological order, to the poem with which the present Volume opens. This remarkable *jeu d'esprit*, “The Monks and the Giants” is memorable for more reasons than one. It was originally published under the following title:—“Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work by William and Robert Whittlecraft, of Stow-Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.”

The first two Cantos appeared in 1817 and the third and fourth in 1818. With that wonderful facility of imitation which more than anything else characterized him, Frere succeeded in this poem in naturalizing into our rude Saxon tongue the metre and style of Pulci and Berni.²

But what is most remarkable in the affair is

¹ Vol. ii. p. 375. Characters of Fox. Vol. iv. p. 207. Life of Pitt. (See Gentleman's Magazine, Feb. 1844, p. 138).

² “O Thou, that hast revived in magic rhyme
That lubber race, and turn'd them out, to turney,
And love, after their way; *in after time*,
To be acknowledged for our British Berni;

that we undoubtedly owe to this little work of Frere's Byron's great masterpiece of "Don Juan" and its precursor, "Beppo," which was immediately suggested by the Whistlecraft poem. Not that this detracts in any way from Byron's originality, for he showed such a mastery over this octave stanza when he came to use it as to claim it entirely for his own; but the suggestion—and in a certain way the work itself—is clearly traceable to Frere.¹

The following letter, written by one of his most intimate friends—describing a visit from

"Oh! send thy Giants forth to good men's feasts:

"Keep them not close."—

William Stewart Rose to the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere ("The Court and Parliament of Beasts, translated from Casti, *London*, 1819," p. 19).

¹ "I have written a poem, of 84 octave stanzas, humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft (whom I take to be Frere.)"—*Byron to Murray, October 12, 1817*.

"Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in 89 stanzas, in imitation of him, called 'Beppo.'"—*The same to the same, Venice, October 23, 1817*.

"Lord Byron is usually considered as the naturalizer of this species of poetry, but had seen Mr. Frere's work before the publication of 'Beppo.' He made this avowal to me at Venice, and said he should have inscribed 'Beppo' to him that had served him as a model, if he had been sure it would not have been disagreeable, supposing (as I conclude) that some passages in it might have offended him."—*William Stewart Rose* ("Rhymes," *Brighton*, 1837).

him, and relating to this poem—may be interesting here:—

“London, May 7th, 1819.—To-day came Mr. Frere . . . I said I was delighted that he had entered his protest against the long-tailed words in *osity* and *ation*.¹ ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘I recollect I went into a shop with Lady Erroll ‘to buy a lamp.’ . . . A long pause of some minutes in perfect silence and stillness, till I thought no further information was coming: then, ‘And the man said, “Sir, you will observe that circular aperture.” . . . “What!”’ said I, “you mean that *round hole*, I suppose?” . . . “Ye-e-s, sir,” said he, staring.” . . . I asked him how it happened that Beppo and Whistlecraft were so much alike? He said Byron took the hint, or rather had the hint given him by Whistlecraft. I said I had heard Whistlecraft preferred. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘Byron himself would acknowledge it to be the best. Two or three people could have written *Beppo*,—George Ellis could have written it; Rose could have written it; indeed, I thought at first myself that it was his, and if I had not been so lazy, I should have written to congratulate him; but nobody but “I myself could have written *Whistlecraft*.” And then he laughed again. I believe he said truth.’”²

¹ See *King Arthur*, p. 7.

² “Selections from the Letters of Caroline Frances Cornwallis.” London, Trübner and Co., 1864, pp. 22, 23.

It had long been known to Frere's more intimate friends that he was engaged on a translation of Aristophanes which was talked of as a wonder, but which he was unwilling to give to the public. For graceful scholarship and bold humour, and, above all, for a happy knack of rendering a Greek pun into an English pun and Greek slang into English slang, these translations were spoken of as something unique and incomparable. In 1820 when the first volume of Mitchell's translation was published, Frere wrote a critique on it for the *Quarterly Review*, and at the same time gave the public an opportunity of judging of his own translation, by inserting in it a specimen of his Version—a scene in “*The Acharnians*” not translated by Mitchell—which only whetted the appetite for more.

About this time Frere left England, and took up his abode in the island of Malta, where he continued to live, with little intermission, till his death, “the captive of the enchanting climate and the romantic monuments of the old chivalry.”¹

“When classic Canning died,” in 1827,² he wrote a beautiful tribute in verse to the memory of his old friend and schoolfellow, which, after remaining in manuscript for fifteen years, found its way into a London newspaper. Such was

¹ John Gibson Lockhart (“*Life of Sir Walter Scott*,” p. 736).

² 8th August, 1827.

the carelessness of Frere as to the fate of his productions.

Early in the year 1831,¹ Frere lost his wife, whose health had for some time been precarious, and had indeed been the original cause of his removal to Malta. Late in the same year we have one authentic pleasant glimpse of him, which fortunately has been recorded circumstantially by an eye-witness. Sir Walter Scott, weary in body and mind, and broken in health, by a burden of self-imposed work he had for years manfully borne, left England at the end of October, to see what softer climes could do for him. The *Barham* reached Malta (on her way for Naples) on the 22nd of November. "On account of cholera then prevailing in England, a quarantine was at this time enforced here on all who came from thence; but instead of driving Sir Walter to the ordinary lazaretto, some good apartments were prepared at Fort Manuel for him and his family to occupy for the appointed time—I believe nine days. He there held a daily levee to receive the numerous visitors who waited on him But even in the case of one whom all 'delighted to honour,' a quarantine visit is a notably uncomfortable thing Our visit was short, and we left Mr. Frere with him at the bar of our departure. He

¹ 17th January, 1831.

“ came daily to see his friend, and passed more
“ of his quarantine-time with him than any one
“ else. We were told, that between Mr. Frere’s
“ habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter’s
“ natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him
“ at every meeting, it required all the vigilance
“ of the attendant genii of the place to prevent
“ Mr. Frere from being put into quarantine along
“ with him.

“ December 4 . . . Dined and spent the even-
“ ing of this day with Sir Walter Scott [now out
“ of quarantine] . . . On joining us in the
“ drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was
“ very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere, and
“ of his remarkable success, when quite a boy,
“ in the translation of a Saxon ballad. This led
“ him to ballads in general, and he greatly
“ lamented his friend Mr. Frere’s heresy in
“ not esteeming highly enough that of ‘ Hardy-
“ ‘ knute.’ In speaking of Mr. Frere’s transla-
“ tions, he repeated a pretty long passage from
“ his version of one of the Romances of ‘ The
“ ‘ Cid’ (published in the appendix to Southey’s
“ quarto) and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge
“ of the Knights therein described, as much as
“ he could have done in his best days, placing
“ his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to ‘ suit
“ ‘ the action to the word.’

“ Tuesday, 7th December Some
“ lameness having befallen one of the horses pro-
“ vided for his use, I, at his request, ordered a

“ little open carriage of ours to the door about
“ 12 o'clock, and prepared to accompany him to
“ St. Antonio, a garden residence of the Gover-
“ nor's, about two miles from Valetta, then oc-
“ cupied by Mr. Frere, whose own house at the
“ Pietà was under repair There was
“ no possibility of admiring the face of the coun-
“ try as we drove along after getting clear of the
“ city gates; but I was pleased to see how re-
“ freshing the air seemed to Sir Walter
“ He snuffed with great delight the perfume of
“ the new oranges which hung thickly on each
“ side as we drove up the long avenue to the
“ courtyard, or stableyard rather, of St. Antonio
“ —and was amused at the Maltese untidiness of
“ two or three pigs running at large among the
“ trees. ‘ That's just like my friend Frere,’ he
“ said,—‘ quite content to let pigs run about in
“ ‘ his orange-groves.’ We did not find Mr.
“ Frere at home, and therefore drove back with-
“ out waiting.

“ On Friday, December 10, he went, in com-
“ pany with Mr. Frere, to see Città Vecchia. I
“ drove over with a lady friend to meet them at
“ the church there. Sir Walter seemed pleased
“ with what was shown him, but was not ani-
“ mated . . . On Tuesday morning, December
“ 14th, he and his party went again on board the
“ *Barham*, and sailed for Naples,”¹ and so Frere

¹ Mrs. Davy's Journal (printed in Lockhart's “ Life of
“ Scott,” pp. 736-739).

and Scott saw the last of each other in this world.

One other not less pleasant glimpse of Frere's kindness and hospitality is recorded in the following Dedication prefixed to Wolff's "Missionary Travels:"¹—

"To the Rt. Hon. J. H. Frere.

"Dear Sir,

"A complete stranger to you, I came to your house, and you not only granted me the rites of hospitality, but at a moment when I was deprived of all the means of executing my purpose of preaching the tidings of salvation in the land of Bokhara and Affghanistaun, you offered me, without my soliciting it, your kind assistance. After enjoying for several months your most instructive conversation, and wandering in spirit together through the opinions of the Ancients, and communicating our ideas on higher points, regarding the eternal welfare of human beings, I set out for my perilous journey; with your help I was able to make out my way, and to rescue myself from difficulties; and during the time of my absence, you, and your whole family, treated with the utmost kindness those that are

¹ "Researches and Missionary Labours among the Jews, Mahommedans, and other Sects, by the Rev. Joseph Wolff, during his Travels between the years 1831 and 1834, from Malta to Egypt," &c. London, 1835.

“ dearest to me ; so that even my boy of three
“ years old seems to be sensible of it, and has
“ learnt to look up to you with reverence and
“ gratitude. To whom else, therefore, but to
“ you should I dedicate these humble pages,
“ containing the acts of my pilgrimage to Bok-
“ hara, Bálkh, Cabool, Cashmeer, and Hindoo-
“ staun?—especially as I hope soon to undertake
“ another pilgrimage, not knowing that which
“ may befall me, nor whether I shall ever see
“ you again. To none then, I repeat it, can I
“ dedicate the results of my labours with more
“ satisfaction to myself, than to you. But I feel
“ that I am addressing one of whom I am in-
“ competent to speak in terms commensurate
“ with merit ; indeed, to the inhabitants of this
“ island it were superfluous to do so : all, from
“ the highest to the lowest, allow, that to the
“ native poor you are looked upon as a blessing ;
“ your hospitality is known to all. And I con-
“ fidently add, that I do not know where I
“ should look for an individual combining, like
“ yourself, so many of the best gifts of a nature
“ with so much profound erudition, so much
“ benevolence, with so much nobleness of in-
“ tellect. In venturing to write this my genuine
“ sentiment, it is not flattery, but truth which
“ prompts me, and I am convinced that in doing
“ so I have the suffrages of all who knew you.

“ This book, then, thus dedicated, may re-
“ main as a mark of the ardent gratitude of the

“ writer, who, with prayers for you and your
 “ whole house, is ever,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your most humble and affectionate

“ Friend and Servant,

“ JOSEPH WOLFF.

“ *Malta, Jan. 29, 1835.*”

Of course Frere's English friends missed him much. So great a star could not withdraw its rays from the London galaxy without being missed. William Stewart Rose, the accomplished translator of Ariosto, addressed to him a playful Epistle from Brighton, in 1834, which opens thus :—

“ William Stewart Rose presents with such kind cheer
 “ And health as he can give John Hookham Frere.

“ That bound, like bold Prometheus, on a rock, O
 “ Self-banish'd man, you boil in a Scirocco,
 “ Save when a Mæstrale makes you shiver,
 “ While worse than vulture pecks and pines your liver;
 “ Where neither lake nor river glads the eye,
 “ Sear'd with the glare of ‘ hot and copper sky ;’
 “ Where dwindled tree o'er shadows wither'd sward;
 “ Where green blade grows not ; where the ground is
 charr'd :

“ Where, if from wither'd turf and dwindled tree
 “ You turn to look upon a summer sea,
 “ And Speronaro's sail of snowy hue,
 “ Whitening and brightening on that field of blue ;
 “ Or eye the palace, rich in tapestried hall,
 “ The Moorish window and the massive wall ;
 “ Or mark the many loitering in its shade,
 “ In many-colour'd garb and guise array'd ;

" Long-haired Slavonian skipper, with the red
 " And scanty cap, which ill protects his head ;
 " White-kilted Suliot, gay and gilded Greek,
 " Grave, turban'd Turk, and Moor of swarthy cheek :
 " Or fainted John's contiguous pile explore,
 " Gemm'd altar, gilded beam, and gorgeous floor,
 " Where you emblazon'd in mosaic see
 " Memorials of a monkish chivalry ;
 " The vaulted roof, impervious to the bomb,
 " The votive tablet, and the victor's tomb,
 " Where vanquish'd Moslem, captive to his sword,
 " Upholds the trophies of his conquering lord :
 " Where if, while clouds from hallow'd censer steam,
 " You muse and fall into a mid-day dream,
 " And hear the pealing chaunt and sacring bell,
 " Amid loud 'larum and the burst of shell ;
 " —Short time to make those many fights which I
 " Have sung, short time to dream of days gone by,
 " Forced alms must purchase from a greedy crowd
 " Of lazy beggars, filthy, fierce, and loud,
 " Who landing-place, street, stair, and temple crowd.
 " Where on the sultry wind for ever swells
 " The jangle of ten thousand tuneless bells,
 " While priestly drones in hourly pageant pass,
 " Hived in their several cells by sound of brass ;
 " Where merry England's merriest month looks sorry,
 " And your waste island seems but one wide quarry ;
 " I muse : and think you might prefer my town,
 " Its penile pier, dry beach, and breezy down."¹

Frere employed his leisure at Malta in revising and annotating his favourite work, the translation of Aristophanes. His version of "The Frogs"

¹ "Rhymes," by William Stewart Rose: Brighton (privately printed), 1837.

had already been privately printed in London, and circulated among a few of his friends, and in 1839 three other plays, "The Acharnians," "The Knights" and "The Birds," were printed at the Government Press at Malta.¹

His last literary work, printed at Malta in 1842, was a translation of the fragments of Theognis.²

Age was now beginning to steal on him. On the 6th of January, 1846, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, while at dinner, and on the following day, this graceful scholar and christian gentleman died, in his seventy-seventh year, at his residence at the Pietà. His body was buried in the upper burial-ground, Florian, where his wife and sister had been laid before him; and on his tomb in this English cemetery, the pious visitor to Malta, who makes a pilgrimage thither, may read a Latin inscription which has the rare merit of being both elegant and true.

For his life had been preëminently an honourable and happy one. Born to a position of ease and

¹ A limited number of copies were sent over for sale to Mr. William Pickering, the father of the present publisher, who issued them with his own title-page, but without the translator's name, in 1840.

² "Theognis Restitutus: the Fragments of Theognis translated or paraphrased and chronologically arranged with a view to illustrate the personal history of the Poet." Malta, 1842, 4to., pp. 117.

affluence, of parents who were able to discern and foster the genius which in his case developed itself early—the schoolfellow of men who rose to the highest positions in the State—and himself serving his country for fifteen years during a time fruitful of events, he was yet able to retire—not as a morbid recluse, but as a finished man of the world—from the stormy vicissitudes and jealousies of public life, ere he had passed his eighth lustre, and to enter upon the enjoyment of a learned and graceful leisure, bequeathing its rich fruit to posterity. He enjoyed the friendship and esteem of nearly all the first men of his age; of men of the most opposite shades of thought and feeling. Southey and Byron, at mortal enmity with each other, united in admiring and praising him.

His powers of conversation were unrivalled, and many of his *bons mots* were repeated for years after they were spoken in the literary circles of London.¹ His affable manners, no less than his

¹ See “The Life, Letters and Journals of Thomas Moore,” edited by Lord John Russell, *scipius*. Among others take the following:—

“6th Sept., 1826.—Company at Mrs. Montgomerie’s: “Fielding and Talbot, Lucy and ourselves, the two Freres, “M. Rossetti, and Grattan. Frere rather agreeable. When “I mentioned the ‘aërial potato,’ of which Dr. Darwin “gives an account in his ‘Phytologia,’ he said it was like “O’Connell’s eloquence. Talked a good deal about Lord “Erskine; said how odious he thought those verses of his, “‘The Muses and Graces will just make a jury,’ when he

transcendent talents, made him friends wherever he went; while at Malta his benevolence and openhandedness to the poor caused his death to be long lamented by many who had been dependants on his bounty.¹

A fine trait in his character was that quick sympathy and enthusiasm which carried him almost to the verge of imprudence in supporting the cause of the Spaniards in the Peninsular war; and prompted him to that pious attendance on Sir

"first heard them; introducing law-terms into love-verses."—Vol. v. p. 102.

"15th Aug., 1825.—Frere's beautiful saying, that, 'Next to an old friend, the best thing is an old enemy.'" Vol. iv. p. 302.

"Oct., 1833.—In talking of Frere, Smith told a *mot* of his I had not heard before. Madame de —— having said, in her intense style, 'I should like to be married in *English*, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept,' some one asked Frere, 'What language, I wonder, was *she* married in?' '*Broken English*, I suppose,' answered Frere."—Vol. vi. p. 345.

¹ "This fine road is now lined with pretty houses from one extremity to the other; here is the residence of His Excellency the Right Hon. John Hookham Frere, whose unbounded charity, and great hospitality, have rendered him next to idolized. To afford employment for poor workmen, Mr. Frere has rendered a piece of rock, which he possesses, behind his residence, into fine picturesque gardens, which excite the admiration of all who have the opportunity of visiting them."—"Handbook for Strangers visiting Malta," by Thomas MacGill, Malta, 1839, p. 115.

Walter Scott in his quarantine confinement, at the risk of his own personal liberty.

By early education and by predisposition he was a moderate Tory, joining with Canning and Gifford in holding up to obloquy and contempt in the Antijacobin the agents of the French Revolution. Of this great movement of modern times it is doubtful whether he ever saw the full significance: probably he retained his youthful opinions with little abatement through life. Indeed though his youth was spent in the arena of politics, and the prime of his manhood in the employment of the State, his long and voluntary exile from England, during the last twenty years of his life, must have somewhat diminished his interest in political concerns, while his early doctrines, if they remained unaltered, would have prevented his feeling much sympathy with the political throes of a new era, and with the radical changes that were being worked out in a country from which he was distant. Accordingly the politics of the Athenian republic in his favourite Aristophanes occupied more of his attention in his retirement than the events that were going on at home.

With the current literature of the day he seems, however, always to have kept pace. He quoted Wordsworth's *Excursion* in "The Monks and the Giants," only three years after its first publication, and in the Preface to his translation of "The Knights," printed in 1839,

there is a line or two of warm commendation of "The Pickwick Papers," then a new book.

His last years must have been saddened by the loss of his wife and sister, and the removal one by one, of his early friends and familiars, but those who knew him best testify that his outward demeanour was uniformly cheerful. His mind continued bright and clear to the last, though he reached an age which it is given to only a few to attain.

From a portrait of Frere, taken in his fortieth year, and prefixed to the fourth edition of "The Microcosm," it appears that he had a noble commanding face with a broad intellectual brow, indicative of a supreme intellect wisely disciplined to beneficent uses; a fine geniality of nature, not without a tinge of sadness under it.

It now only remains to say a few words as to the value and extent of Frere's contributions to English literature, on which his fame must ultimately rest. The essays he contributed at the age of seventeen to "The Microcosm," though they gave promise of future excellence, are not of much value in themselves. But while still at Eton he struck upon the vein which he afterwards worked so well, and by a translation of an Anglo-Saxon ballad into Norman-English won the admiration of all the best judges of the time.

His contributions to the Antijacobin Review are of various degrees of merit and importance:

the three best and most interesting (for of the greater part of the Antijacobin poetry the interest was necessarily ephemeral) are "The Progress of Man," "The Loves of the Triangles," and the little comedy of "The Rovers." "The Loves of the Triangles" is a felicitous parody of the inflated style of Darwin. "The Rovers," written in conjunction with Canning, was an attempt to bring into ridicule some of the absurdities that disfigured the German drama of that time, as represented by Kotzebue.

The translations from the "Poem of the Cid" are executed so skilfully in the style and manner of the original that they form something unique in literature. Here Frere was thoroughly at home, and engaged on a theme of perennial interest.

The Whistlecraft poem was an adaptation of the octave stanza of Pulci, Berni and Casti—a style which passes with sudden and unexpected transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous. This work Frere left unfinished, or at least he never gave the conclusion to the public, and "by some accident of popular taste it has never obtained a reputation equal to its merits." To it we owe "Beppo" and "Don Juan," and though the model has been neglected, "there are charms in which the imitations, confessedly superior upon the whole, must be allowed to yield to the exquisite original."

But Frere's greatest work—the work which

more than any other will carry down his name to posterity—is his translation of Aristophanes. Had he possessed enough industry and ambition to complete it, this would undoubtedly have been one of the noblest and most perfect monuments ever reared to the literature of ancient Greece : but he had somewhat of the indolence of genius, and his ambition was so small that he did not even care to publish what he had written, but confined the circulation to his private friends. The result is that he has left us only four out of the eleven extant comedies, together with some valuable Criticism on Aristophanes contributed to the Quarterly Review.

His “*Theognis Restitutus*,” which occupied the closing years of his life, is an elegant and scholarly production ; but we would rather have had a version of “*The Wasps*” or “*The Female Parliament*.”

The Paraphrases of some of the Psalms and Passages in the New Testament show what, in fact, all Frere’s poetical Writings exhibit : a marvellous command of metre and rhythm. Frere’s genius was essentially of the reproductive or imitative order. With equal facility and mastery he could imitate the style and metre of a Greek chorus, an old English ballad, the early romance-poetry of Spain, the burlesque of the *Morgante Maggiore*, or the monkish rhymes of the Latin Christian poets. Such versatile gifts are too rare for the world to let the fruit of them die.



PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN OF AN
INTENDED NATIONAL WORK,
BY
WILLIAM AND ROBERT WHISTLECRAFT,
OF STOW-MARKET, IN SUFFOLK, HARNESSEES
AND COLLAR-MAKERS.
INTENDED TO COMPRISE THE MOST INTERESTING
PARTICULARS RELATING TO
KING ARTHUR AND HIS ROUND TABLE;
OTHERWISE ENTITLED THE MONKS
AND THE GIANTS.

[First published in 1817.]



[" That rampant strain you were the first to raise,
 Whereof another bears away the praise,
 Who (let me not his better nature wrong)
 Confess'd you father of his final song ;
 That rhyme which ranks you with immortal Berni ;
 Which treats of giant, monk, knight, tilt and tourney ;
 And tells how Anak's race, detesting bells,
 Besieged the men that rang them, in their cells ;
 With whom they justly warr'd as deadly foes,
 For breaking their sequester'd seat's repose.
 (Strange siege, unquestion'd by misdoubting Bryant !)
 And how in that long war, a young sick giant
 Was taken, christen'd, and became a friar ;
 And how he roar'd, and what he did, i' the quire.
 Or, if like that rare bard who left half-told
 Of yore the story of Cambuscan bold,
 You will not tell the sequel of your tale
 Of cavern, keep, and studious cloister's pale,
 Sing (what you verse in veriest English vein)
 Some snatches of his merriest, maddest strain,
 Who in wild masque upon Athenian stage
 Held up to scorn the follies of the sage
 Famed for vain wisdom, that in Cecrops' town
 Would fain have pull'd time-honour'd custom down ;
 Or, sparing the blind guides of Greece and Rome,
 Yourself may scourge our blinder guides at home,
 You have crush'd reptiles. ' Rise and grasp,' (I say
 In your own words) ' a more reluctant prey.' "

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE, *Epistle to the Rt. Hon.*
John Hookham Frere, in Malta. Brighton,
 1834.]



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following stanzas being for the most part the production of my late brother William Whistlecraft, as composed by him in the year 1813, I have judged (by the advice of my friends) that it would be more suitable to publish them without alteration in any respect, and to which I have adhered strictly, as may be seen by a reference to the thirteenth stanza. This I thought it due to have stated, in consideration of our having proposed the Two Boards for Verse and Prose, which in the present crisis might be stigmatized; but it is well known that the public opinion was more consonant to magnificence and useful encouragement at that time than it has been for the last twelve months, or is likely to be the case again, unless the funds should experience a further advance, together with an improvement

in the branches of Customs and Excise. The occasion of their remaining unpublished was in compliance with the advice of friends, though at present, in conformity with the pressure of the times, they have thought it advisable that the following publication should take place, which, if an indulgent public should espouse it, it is intended that it should be followed in due course with a suitable continuation.





PROEM.

I.

I'VE often wish'd that I could write a
book,
Such as all English people might
peruse ;

I never should regret the pains it took,
That's just the sort of fame that I should choofe :
To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
I'd sling a cot up for my favourite Muse,
And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

II.

Poets consume exciseable commodities,
They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,*
Making our commerce and revenue glorious ;

* Hood probably took the title of his well-known book from this line. Ed.

As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis
 That Poets should be reckon'd meritorious :
 And therefore I submissively propose
 To erect one Board for Verse and one for Prose.

III.

Princes protecting Sciences and Art
 I've often seen, in copper-plate and print ;
 I never saw them elsewhere, for my part,
 And therefore I conclude there's nothing in't ;
 But every body knows the Regent's heart ;
 I trust he won't reject a well-meant hint ;
 Each Board to have twelve members, with a seat
 To bring them in per ann. five-hundred neat :—

IV.

From Princes I descend to the Nobility :
 In former times all persons of high stations,
 Lords, Baronets, and Persons of gentility,
 Paid twenty guineas for the dedications :
 This practice was attended with utility ;
 The patrons lived to future generations,
 The poets lived by their industrious earning,—
 So men alive and dead could live by Learning.

V.

Then, twenty guineas was a little fortune ;
 Now, we must starve unless the times should
 mend :
 Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
 If their addresses are diffusely penn'd ;

Most fashionable authors make a short one
 To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
 To shew their independence, I suppose ;
 And that may do for Gentlemen like those.

VI.

Lastly, the common people I beseech—
 Dear People ! if you think my verses clever,
 Preserve with care your noble Parts of Speech,
 And take it as a maxim to endeavour
 To talk as your good mothers used to teach,
 And then these lines of mine may last for ever ;
 And don't confound the language of the nation
 With long-tail'd words in *osity* and *ation*.

VII.

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory)
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
 Should study to promote their country's glory
 With patriotic, diligent research ;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
 It stands to reason—This was Homer's plan,
 And we must do—like him—the best we can.

VIII.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
 Are out in print, and most of them have sold ;
 Perhaps together they may make a score ;
 Richard the First has had his story told,

But there were Lords and Princes long before,
 That had behaved themselves like warriors bold;
 Among the rest there was the great KING ARTHUR,
 What hero's fame was ever carried farther ?

IX.

King Arthur, and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckon'd the best King, and bravest
 Lords,
 Of all that flourish'd since the Tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records ;
 Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words :
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of Fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,

X.

It grieves me much, that Names that were
 respected
 In former ages, Persons of such mark,
 And Countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark :
 An error such as this should be corrected,
 And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
 Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
 And then I'll light a great poetic Fire ;

XI.

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
 And wash the Canvas clean, and scour the
 Frames,

And put a coat of varnish on the Fable,
And try to puzzle out the Dates and Names ;
Then (as I said before) I'll heave my cable,
And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
—These first eleven stanzas make a Proem,
And now I must sit down and write my Poem.





KING ARTHUR.

I.

BEGINNING (as my Bookfeller
desires)
Like an old Minstrel with his gown
and beard,
“Fair Ladies, gallant Knights, and gentle Squires,
“Now the last service from the Board is clear’d,
“And if this noble Company requires,
“And if amidst your mirth I may be heard,
“Of sundry strange adventures I could tell,
“That oft were told before, but never told so
well.”

II.

THE GREAT KING ARTHUR made a sumptuous
Feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came the Vassals, most and least,
From every corner of this British Isle;
And all were entertain’d, both man and beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;
The steeds were fed and litter’d in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

III.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,
With truffles and *ragouts*, and various crimes ;
And therefore, from the original in prose
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes :
They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

IV.

Hogheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine ;
Heron and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard :
And therewithal they drank good Gascon wine,
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own ;
For porter, punch, and negus, were not known.

V.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe,
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling,
Was past all powers of language to describe—
The din of manful oaths and female squalling :
The sturdy porter, huddling up his bribe,
And then atrandom breaking heads and bawling,
Outcries, and cries of order, and confusions,
Made a confusion beyond all confusions ;

VI.

Beggars and vagabonds, blind, lame, and sturdy,
Minstrels and singers with their various airs,
The pipe, the tabor, and the hurdy-gurdy,
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears,
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs ;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and
creatures,
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features.

VII.

All sorts of people there were seen together,
All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses ;
The fool with fox's tail and peacock's feather,
Pilgrims, and penitents, and grave burgessees ;
The country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes ;
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.

VIII.

But the profane, indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlighten'd conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans, and boors,
(Although appropriate to their meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours ;
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths, and cuts and stabs,
Occasion'd by their dice, and drink, and drabs.

IX.

We must take care in our poetic cruise,
 And never hold a single tack too long ;
 Therefore my versatile ingenious Muse
 Takes leave of this illiterate, low-bred throng,
 Intending to present superior views,
 Which to genteeler company belong,
 And show the higher orders of society
 Behaving with politeness and propriety.

X.

And certainly they say, for fine behaving
 King Arthur's Court has never had its match ;
 True point of honour, without pride or braving,
 Strict etiquette for ever on the watch :
 Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
 Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
 As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
 Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

XI.

They look'd a manly, generous generation ;
 Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square,
 and thick,
 Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
 Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp and quick,
 Shew'd them prepared, on proper provocation,
 To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick ;
 And for that very reason, it is said,
 They were so very courteous and well-bred.

XII.

The ladies look'd of an heroic race—

At first a general likeness struck your eye,
Tall figures, open features, oval face,

Large eyes, with ample eyebrows arch'd and
high ;

Their manners had an odd, peculiar grace,

Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy,
Majestical, reserved, and somewhat fullen ;
Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.

XIII.

In form and figure far above the rest,

Sir LAUNCELOT was chief of all the train,
In Arthur's Court an ever welcome guest ;

Britain will never see his like again.
Of all the Knights she ever had the best,

Except, perhaps, Lord Wellington in Spain :
I never saw his picture nor his print,
From Morgan's Chronicle I take my hint.

XIV.

For Morgan says (at least as I have heard,

And as a learned friend of mine assures),
Beside him all that lordly train appear'd

Like courtly minions, or like common boors,
As if unfit for knightly deeds, and rear'd

To rustic labours or to loose amours ;
He moved amidst his peers without compare,
So lofty was his stature, look, and air.

XV.

Yet oftentimes his courteous cheer forlook
 His countenance, and then return'd again,
 As if some secret recollection shook
 His inward heart with unacknowledged
 pain ;
 And something haggard in his eyes and look
 (More than his years or hardships could
 explain)
 Made him appear, in person and in mind,
 Less perfect than what nature had design'd.*

XVI.

Of noble presence, but of different mien,
 Alert and lively, voluble and gay,
 Sir TRISTRAM at Carlisle was rarely seen,
 But ever was regretted while away ;
 With easy mirth, an enemy to spleen,
 His ready converse charm'd the wintry day ;
 No tales he told of sieges or of fights,
 Or foreign marvels, like the foolish Knights,

* Compare Tennyson (*Elaine*) :—

“ The great and guilty love he bare the Queen,
 In battle with the love he bare his lord,
 Had marr'd his face, and mark'd it ere his time.

His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
 And drove him into wastes and solitudes
 For agony, who was yet a living soul.”

XVII.

But with a playful imitative tone
(That merely seem'd a voucher for the truth)
Recounted strange adventures of his own,
The chances of his childhood and his youth,
Of churlish Giants he had seen and known,
Their rustic phrase and courtesies uncouth,
The dwellings, and the diet, and the lives
Of savage Monarchs and their monstrous Wives :

XVIII.

Songs, music, languages, and many a lay
Asturian or Armoric, Irish, Basque,
His ready memory seized and bore away ;
And ever when the Ladies chose to ask,
Sir Triftram was prepared to sing and play,
Not like a minstrel earnest at his task,
But with a sportive, careless, easy style,
As if he seem'd to mock himself the while.

XIX.

His ready wit and rambling education,
With the congenial influence of his stars,
Had taught him all the arts of conversation,
All games of skill and stratagems of wars ;
His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars ;
His mind with all their attributes was mixt,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfixt ;

XX.

From realm to realm he ran—and never staid ;
 Kingdoms and crowns he won—and gave away :
 It seem'd as if his labours were repaid
 By the mere noise and movement of the fray :
 No conquests nor acquirements had he made :
 His chief delight was on some festive day
 To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
 And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd :

XXI.

His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
 Inexplicable both to friend and foe ;
 It seem'd as if some momentary spleen
 Inspired the project and impell'd the blow ;
 And most his fortune and success were seen
 With means the most inadequate and low ;
 Most master of himself, and least encumber'd,
 When overmatch'd, entangled, and outnumber'd.

XXII.

Strange instruments and engines he contrived
 For sieges, and constructions for defence,
 Inventions some of them that have survived,
 Others were deem'd too cumbrous and immense :
 Minstrels he loved, and cherish'd while he lived,
 And patronized them both with praise and pence ;
 Somewhat more learned than became a Knight,
 It was reported he could read and write.

XXIII.

Sir GAWAIN may be painted in a word—

He was a perfect loyal Cavalier ;
 His courteous manners stand upon record,
 A stranger to the very thought of fear.
 The proverb says, *As brave as his own sword* ;
 And like his weapon was that worthy Peer,
 Of admirable temper, clear and bright,
 Polish'd yet keen, though pliant yet upright.

XXIV.

On every point, in earnest or in jest,
 His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
 Were deem'd the very touchstone and the test
 Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit ;
 A word from him set every thing at rest,
 His short decisions never fail'd to hit ;
 His silence, his reserve, his inattention,
 Were felt as the severest reprehension :

XXV.

His memory was the magazine and hoard,
 Where claims and grievances, from year to year,
 And confidences and complaints were stored,
 From dame and knight, from damsel, boor, and
 peer :
 Loved by his friends, and trusted by his Lord,
 A generous courtier, secret and sincere,
 Adviser-general to the whole community,
 He served his friend, but watch'd his opportunity.

XXVI.

One riddle I could never understand—
 But his success in war was strangely various ;
 In executing schemes that others plann'd,
 He seem'd a very Cæsar or a Marius ;
 Take his own plans, and place him in command,
 Your prospect of success became precarious :
 His plans were good, but Launcelot succeeded
 And realized them better far than He did.

XXVII.

His discipline was steadfast and austere,
 Unalterably fix'd, but calm and kind ;
 Founded on admiration, more than fear,
 It seem'd an emanation from his mind ;
 The coarsest natures that approach'd him near
 Grew courteous for the moment and refined ;
 Beneath his eye the poorest, weakest wight
 Felt full of point-of-honour like a knight.

XXVIII.

In battle he was fearless to a fault,
 The foremost in the thickest of the field ;
 His eager valour knew no pause nor halt,
 And the red rampant Lion in his Shield
 Scaled Towns and Towers, the foremost in assault,
 With ready succour where the battle reel'd :
 At random like a thunderbolt he ran,
 And bore down shields, and pikes, and horse, and
 man.



CANTO II.

I.

I'VE finish'd now three hundred lines and
more,
And therefore I begin Canto the
Second,
Just like those wandering ancient Bards of Yore ;
They never laid a plan, nor ever reckon'd
What turning they should take the day before ;
They follow'd where the lovely Muses beckon'd :
The Muses led them up to Mount Parnassus,
And that's the reason that they all surpass us.

II.

The Muses served those Heathens well enough—
Bold Britons take a Tankard, or a Bottle,
And when the bottle's out, a pinch of snuff,
And so proceed in spite of Aristotle—
Those Rules of his are dry, dogmatic stuff,
All life and fire they suffocate and throttle—
And therefore I adopt the mode I mention,
Trusting to native judgment and invention.

III.

This method will, I hope, appear defensible—
I shall begin by mentioning the Giants,
A race of mortals, brutal and insensible,
(Postponing the details of the Defiance,
Which came in terms so very reprehensible,
From that barbarian sovereign King Ryence)
Displaying simpler manners, forms, and passions,
Unmix'd by transitory modes and fashions.

IV.

Before the Feast was ended, a Report
Fill'd every soul with horror and dismay;
Some Ladies, on their journey to the Court,
Had been surpris'd, and were convey'd away
By the Aboriginal Giants, to their Fort—
An unknown Fort—for Government, they say,
Had ascertain'd its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.

V.

A waiting damsel, crooked and mis-shap'd,
Herself the witness of a woful scene,
From which, by miracle, she had escaped,
Appear'd before the Ladies and the Queen;
Her figure was funereal, veil'd and craped,
Her voice convulsed with sobs and sighs between,
That with the sad recital, and the sight,
Revenge and rage inflamed each worthy knight.

VI.

Sir Gawain rose without delay or dallying,
“Excuse us, madam,—we’ve no time to
waste—”

And at the palace-gate you saw him sallying,
With other knights, equipp’d and arm’d in haste;
And there was Tristram making jests, and rallying
The poor mis-shapen Damsel, whom he placed
Behind him on a pillion, pad, or panel;
He took, besides, his falcon and his spaniel.

VII.

But what with horror, and fatigue, and fright,
Poor soul, she could not recollect the way.
They reach’d the mountains on the second night,
And wander’d up and down till break of day,
When they discover’d, by the dawning light,
A lonely glen, where heaps of embers lay;
They found unleaven’d fragments, scorch’d and
toasted,
And the remains of mules and horses roasted.

VIII.

Sir Tristram understood the Giants’ courses—
He felt the embers, but the heat was out—
He stood contemplating the roasted horses,
And all at once, without suspense or doubt,
His own decided judgment thus enforces—
“The Giants must be somewhere hereabout!”
Demonstrating the carcasses, he shows
That they remain’d untouched by kites or crows;

IX.

“ You see no traces of their sleeping here,

“ No heap of leaves or heath, no Giant’s nest—

“ Their usual habitation must be near—

“ They feed at sunset, and retire to rest—

“ A moment’s search will set the matter clear.”

The fact turn’d out precisely as he guess’d ;
And shortly after, scrambling through a gully,
He verified his own conjecture fully.

X.

He found a Valley, closed on every side,

Resembling that which *Rasselas** describes ;

Six miles in length, and half as many wide,

Where the descendants of the Giant tribes

Lived in their ancient Fortrefs undescried :

(Invaders tread upon each other’s kibes)

First came the Britons, afterwards the Roman,

Our patrimonial lands belong to no man :

XI.

So Horace said—and so the Giants found,

Expell’d by fresh invaders in succession ;

But they maintain’d tenaciously the ground

Of ancient, indefeasible possession,

And robb’d and ransack’d all the country round ;

And ventured on this horrible transgression,

Claiming a right reserved to waste and spoil,

As Lords and lawful owners of the soil.

* Prince of Abyssinia. See his *Life*, written by himself.

XII.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompass'd all the level Valley round,
With mighty slabs of rock, that sloped upright,
An insurmountable, enormous mound ;
The very River vanish'd out of sight,
Absorb'd in secret channels under ground :
That Vale was so sequester'd and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.

XIII.

High overhead was many a Cave and Den,
That with its strange construction seem'd to
mock
All thought of how they were contrived, or when—
—Hewn inward in the huge suspended Rock.
The Tombs and Monuments of mighty men :
Such were the patriarchs of this ancient stock.
Alas ! what pity that the present race
Should be so barbarous, and depraved, and base !

XIV.

For they subsisted (as I said) by pillage,
And the wild beasts which they pursued and
chased :
Nor house, nor herdsman's hut, nor farm, nor
village,
Within the lonely valley could be traced,
Nor roads, nor bounded fields, nor rural tillage,
But all was lonely, desolate, and waste.

The Castle which commanded the domain
Was suited to so rude and wild a Reign :

xv.

A Rock was in the centre, like a Cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a Pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primæval school
Had rear'd by help of Giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments un-reduced by rule,
Irregular, like Nature more than Art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.

xvi.

But on the other side a River went,
And there the craggy Rock and ancient Wall
Had crumbled down with shelving deep descent ;
Time and the wearing stream had work'd its fall :
The modern Giants had repair'd the Rent,
But poor, reduced, and ignorant withal,
They patch'd it up, contriving as they could,
With stones, and earth, and palisades of wood ;

xvii.

Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—
A true-bred Giant never trusts a Knight—
He sent a Herald, who return'd again
All torn to rags and perishing with fright ;
A Trumpeter was sent, but he was slain—
To Trumpeters they bear a mortal spite :

When all conciliatory measures fail'd,
The Castle and the Fortrefs were assail'd.

XVIII.

But when the Giants saw them fairly under,
They shovell'd down a cataract of stones,
A hideous volley like a peal of thunder,
Bouncing and bounding down, and breaking
bones,
Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder ;
Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
Retiring last, and standing most expos'd ;—
Success seem'd hopeless, and the combat clos'd.

XIX.

A Council then was call'd, and all agreed
To call in succour from the Country round ;
By regular approaches to proceed,
Intrenching, fortifying, breaking ground.
That morning Tristram happen'd to secede :
It seems his Falcon was not to be found ;
He went in search of her, but some suspected
He went lest his advice should be neglected.

XX.

At Gawain's summons all the Country came ;
At Gawain's summons all the people aided ;
They called upon each other in his name,
And bid their neighbours work as hard as they
did.

So well beloved was He, for very shame
 They dug, they delved, entrench'd, and palisaded,
 Till all the Fort was thoroughly blockaded,
 And every Ford where Giants might have waded.

XXI.

Sir Tristram found his Falcon, bruised and lame,
 After a tedious search, as he averr'd,
 And was returning back the way he came
 When in the neighbouring thicket something
 stirr'd,
 And flash'd across the path, as bright as flame,
 Sir Tristram follow'd it, and found a Bird
 Much like a Pheasant, only crimson-red,
 With a fine tuft of feathers on his head.

XXII.

Sir Tristram's mind—invention—powers of
 thought,
 Were occupied, abstracted, and engaged,
 Devising ways and means to have it caught
 Alive—entire—to see it safely caged :
 The Giants and their siege he set at nought
 Compared with this new warfare that he waged.
 He gain'd his object after three days wandering,
 And three nights watching, meditating, pondering,

XXIII.

And to the Camp in triumph he return'd :
 He makes them all admire the creature's crest,

And praise and magnify the prize he earn'd.

Sir Gawain rarely ventured on a jest,
But ere his heart with indignation burn'd :—

“ Good Cousin, yonder stands an Eagle's nest !

—“ A Prize for Fowlers such as you and me.”—

Sir Tristram answer'd mildly, “ We shall see.”

XXIV.

Good humour was Sir Tristram's leading quality,

And in the present case he proved it such ;

If he forebore, it was that in reality

His conscience smote him with a secret touch,

For having shock'd his worthy friend's formality—

He thought Sir Gawain had not said too much ;

He walks apart with him—and he discourses

About their preparation and their forces—

XXV.

Approving every thing that had been done—

“ It serves to put the Giants off their guard—

“ Less hazard and less danger will be run—

“ I doubt not we shall find them unprepared—

“ The Castle will more easily be won,

“ And many valuable lives be spared ;

“ The Ladies else, while we blockade and threaten,

“ Will most infallibly be kill'd and eaten.”

XXVI.

Sir Tristram talk'd incomparably well ;

His reasons were irrefragably strong.

As Tristram spoke Sir Gawain's spirits fell,
 For he discover'd clearly before long
 (What Tristram never would presume to tell),
 That his whole system was entirely wrong;
 In fact his confidence had much diminish'd
 Since all the preparations had been finish'd.

XXVII.

"Indeed!" Sir Tristram said, "for aught we
 know—

"For aught that we can tell—this very night
 "The valley's entrance may be closed with snow,
 "And we may starve and perish here outright—
 "'Tis better risking a decided blow—

"I own this weather puts me in a fright."
 In fine, this tedious conference to shorten,
 Sir Gawain trusted to Sir Tristram's fortune.

XXVIII.

'Twas twilight, ere the wintry dawn had kist
 With cold salute the mountain's chilly brow;
 The level lawns were dark, a lake of mist
 Inundated the vales and depths below,
 When valiant Tristram, with a chosen list
 Of bold and hardy men, prepared to go,
 Ascending through the vapours dim and hoar,
 A secret track, which he descried before.

XXIX.

If ever you attempted, when a boy,
 To walk across the play-ground or the yard

Blindfolded, for an apple or a toy,
Which, when you reach'd the spot, was your
reward,
You may conceive the difficult employ
Sir Triftram had, and that he found it hard,
Deprived of landmarks and the power of sight,
To steer their dark and doubtful course aright.

xxx.

They climb'd an hour or more with hand and
knee ;
(The distance of a fathom, or a rood
Was farther than the keenest eye could see ;)
At last the very ground on which they stood,
The broken turf, and many a batter'd tree—
The crush'd and shatter'd shrubs and under-
wood—
Appriz'd them that they were arrived once more
Where they were overwhelm'd the time before.

xxxi.

Sir Triftram saw the people in a flutter ;
He took them to a shelter'd hollow place :
They crowded round like chickens in a cluster,
And Triftram, with an unembarrass'd face,
Proceeded quietly to take a muster,
To take a muster, and to state the case—
“ It was,” he said, “ an unexpected error,
“ Enough to strike inferior minds with terror ;

XXXII.

"But since they were assembled and collected,"
(All were assembled except nine or ten)
"He thought that their design might be effected ;
"All things were easy to determined men.
"If they would take the track which he directed,
"And try their old adventure once again,"
He slapp'd his breast, and swore within an hour
That they should have the Castle in their power.

XXXIII.

This mountain was like others I have seen ;
There was a stratum or a ridge of stone
Projecting high beyond the sloping green,
From top to bottom, like a spinal bone,
Or flight of steps, with gaps and breaks between—
A Copper-plate would make my meaning known
Better than words, and therefore, with permission,
I'll give a Print of it the next Edition.

XXXIV.

Thither Sir Trifram with his comrades went,
For now the misty cloud was clear'd away,
And they must risk the perilous ascent,
Right in the Giants' front, in open day :
They ran to reach the shelter which it lent,
Before the battery should begin to play.
Their manner of ascending up that ridge
Was much like climbing by a broken bridge ;

XXXV.

For there you scramble on from pier to pier,
Always afraid to lose your hold half-way ;
And as they clamber'd each successive tier
Of rugged upright rocks, I dare to say,
It was not altogether without fear—
Just fear enough to make brave people gay :
According to the words of Mr. Gray,
“ They wound with toilsome march their long
array.”

XXXVI.

The more alert and active upward sprung,
And let down ropes to drag their comrades after ;
Those ropes were their own shirts together strung,
Stript off and twisted with such mirth and
laughter,
That with their jokes the rocky echoes rung :
Like countrymen that on a beam or rafter
Attempt to pass a raging wintry flood,
Such was the situation where they stood :

XXVII.

A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's
height ;
The whirling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environ'd them with phantoms of affright ;

Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

XXXVIII.

The Giants saw them on the topmost crown
Of the last rock, and threaten'd and defied—
“Down with the mangy dwarfs there!—Dash
them down!
“Down with the dirty pismires!”—Thus they
cried.

Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
In their own Giant jargon thus replied,
“Mullinger!—Cacamole!—and Mangonell!
“You cursed cannibals—I know you well—

XXXIX.

“I'll see that pate of yours upon a post,
“And your left-handed squinting brother's too—
“By Heaven and Earth, within an hour at most,
“I'll give the crows a meal of him and you—
“The wolves shall have you—either raw or roast—
“I'll make an end of all your cursed crew.”
These words he partly said, and partly sang,
As usual with the Giants, in their slang.

XL.

He darted forward to the mountain's brow—
The Giants ran away—they knew not why—
Sir Tristram gain'd the point—he knew not how—
He could account for it no more than I.

Such strange effects we witness often now ;
Such strange experiments true Britons try
In sieges, and in skirmishes afloat,
In storming heights, and boarding from a boat.

XLI.

True Courage bears about a Charm or Spell—
It looks, I think, like an instinctive Law
By which superior natures daunt and quell
Frenchmen and foreigners with fear and awe.
I wonder if Philosophers can tell—
Can they explain the thing with all their jaw ?
I can't explain it—but the fact is so,
A fact which every midshipman must know.

XLII.

Then instantly the signal was held out,
To shew Sir Gawain that the coast was clear :
They heard his Camp re-echo with a shout—
In half an hour Sir Gawain will be here.
But still Sir Tristram was perplexed with doubt—
The crisis of the Ladies' fate drew near—
He dreaded what those poor defenceless creatures
Might suffer from such fierce and desperate natures.

XLIII.

The Giants, with their brutal want of sense,
In hurling stones to crush them with the fall,
And in their hurry taking them from thence,
Had half dismantled all the new-built Wall.

They left it here and there, a naked fence
Of stakes and palisades, upright and tall.
Sir Triftram form'd a sudden resolution,
And recommended it for execution.

XLIV.

"My Lads," he cried, "an effort must be made
"To keep those Monsters half an hour in play,
"While Gawain is advancing to our aid,
"Or else the Ladies will be made away.
"By mounting close within the palisade,
"You'll parry their two-handed, dangerous
 swoy—
"Their Clubs and Maces: recollect my words,
"And use your daggers rather than your swords."

XLV.

That service was most gallantly perform'd:
The Giants still endeavour'd to repel
And drive them from the breach that they had
 storm'd:
The foremost of the Crew was Mangoniell.
At sight of him Sir Triftram's spirit warm'd;
With aim unerring Triftram's falchion fell,
Lopt off his Club and fingers at the knuckle,
And thus disabled that stupendous Chuckle.

XLVI.

The Giant ran, outrageous with the wound,
Roaring and bleeding, to the palisade;

Sir Triftram fwerved aside, and reaching round,
Probed all his entrails with his poniard's blade :
His Giant limbs fall thundering on the ground,
His goggling eyes eternal slumbers shade ;
Then by the head or heels, I know not which,
They dragg'd him forth, and toft him in the Ditch.

XLVII.

Sir Triftram, in the warfare that he waged,
Strove to attract the Giants' whole attention ;
To keep it undivided and engaged,
He rack'd his fiery brain and his invention ;
And taunted and reviled, and storm'd, and raged,
Interms far worfe, and more than I can mention.
In the mean while, in a more sober manner,
Sir Gawain was advancing with his banner.

XLVIII.

But firft I muft commemorate in rhyme
Sir Triftram's dextrous swordmanship and
might,
(This incident appears to me fublime),
He ftruck a Giant's head off in the fight :
The head fell down of courfe, but for fome time
The ftupid, headlefs trunk remain'd upright ;
For more than twenty feconds there it flood,
But ultimately fell from lofs of blood.

XLIX.

Behold Sir Gawain with his valiant band ;
He enters on the work with warmth and hafte,

And slays a brace of Giants out of hand,
 Sliced downward from the shoulder to the waist.
 But our ichnography must now be plann'd,
 The Keep or Inner Castle must be traced.
 I with myself at the concluding distich,
 Although I think the thing characteristic.

L.

Facing your Entrance, just three yards behind,
 There was a Mass of Stone of moderate height,
 It stood before you like a screen or blind :
 And there—on either hand to left and right—
 Were sloping Parapets or Planes inclined,
 On which two maffy Stones were placed upright,
 Secured by Staples and by leathern Ropes,
 Which hinder'd them from sliding down the slopes.

LI.

“—Cousin, those Dogs have some device or gin !—
 “I'll run the gauntlet—and I'll stand a knock—”
 He dash'd into the Gate through thick and thin—
 He hew'd away the bands which held the block—
 It rush'd along the slope with rumbling din,
 And closed the entrance with a thundering shock,
 (Just like those famous old Symplegades
 Discover'd by the Classics in their seas.)

LII.

This was Sir Trifram—(as you may suppose)
 He found some Giants wounded, others dead—

He shortly equalizes these with those ;
But one poor Devil there was sick in bed,
In whose behalf the Ladies interpose ;
Sir Tristram spared his life, because they said
That he was more humane, and mild, and clever,
And all the time had had an ague-fever.

LIII.

The Ladies ?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected :
Many details I must forbear to tell,
Their toilet had been very much neglected ;
But by supreme good luck it so befell.
That when the Castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpower'd,
Only two fat Duennas were devour'd.

LIV.

Sir Tristram having thus secured the Fort,
And seen all safe, was climbing to the Wall,
(Meaning to leap into the outer Court ;)
But when he came, he saved himself the fall,
Sir Gawain had been spoiling all the sport,
The Giants were demolish'd one and all :
He pull'd them up the Wall—they climb and
enter—
Such was the winding up of this adventure.

LV.

The only real sufferer in the fight
Was a poor neighbouring Squire of little fame,

That came and join'd the party over-night ;
 He hobbled home, disabled with a maim
 Which he received in tumbling from a height :
 The Knights from Court had never heard his
 name,
 Nor recollected seeing him before—
 Two leopards' faces were the arms he bore.

LVI.

Thus Trifram, without loss of life or limb,
 Conquer'd the Giants' Castle in a day ;
 But whether it were accident or whim
 That kept him in the Woods so long away,
 In any other mortal except him
 I should not feel a doubt of what to say ;
 But he was wholly guided by his humour,
 Indifferent to report and public rumour.

LVII.

It was besides imagined and suspected
 That he had mis'd his course by deep design,
 To take the track which Gawain had neglected—
 I speak of others' notions, not of mine :
 I question even if he recollected—
 He might have felt a moment's wish to shine ;
 I only know that he made nothing of it,
 Either for reputation or for profit.

LVIII.

The Ladies, by Sir Gawain's kind direction,
 Proceeded instantaneously to Court,

To thank their Majesties for their protection.

Sir Gawain follow'd with a grand escort,
And was received with favour and affection.

Sir Tristram remain'd loitering in the Fort ;
He thought the building and the scenery striking,
And that poor captive Giant took his liking.

LIX.

And now the thread of our Romance unravels,

Presenting new performers on the stage ;

A Giant's education and his travels

Will occupy the next succeeding page :

But I begin to tremble at the cavils

Of this fastidious, supercilious age ;

Reviews, and paragraphs in morning papers—

The prospect of them gives my Muse the vapours.

LX.

“My dear,” says she, “I think it will be well

“To ascertain our losses or our gains :

“If this first sample should succeed and sell,

“We can renew the same melodious strains.”

Poor soul ! she's had, I think, a tedious spell,

And ought to be consider'd for her pains.

And keeping of my company so long—

A moderate compliment would not be wrong.



CANTO III.

I.

H'VE a proposal here from Mr. Murray,
" He offers handsomely—the money
down ;
" My dear, you might recover from
your flurry
" In a nice airy lodging out of town,
" At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey ;
" If every stanza brings us in a crown,
" I think that I might venture to bespeak
" A bed-room and front-parlour for next week.

II.

" Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think ;
" Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock ;
" Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink ;
" On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
" And I'd be sure to keep away from drink,
" And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
" We'll travel down there in the morning stages ;
" Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

III.

“ And here in town we’ll breakfast on hot rolls,
“ And you shall have a better shawl to wear ;
“ These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes ;
“ By Monday next I’ll compass a new pair :
“ Come, now, fling up the cinders, fetch the coals,
“ And take away the things you hung to air,
“ Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
“ The kettle up.”—*Arms and the Monks I sing.*

IV.

Some ten miles off, an ancient abbey stood,
Amidst the mountains, near a noble stream ;
A level eminence, enshrined with wood,
Sloped to the river’s bank and southern beam ;
Within were fifty friars fat and good,
Of goodly persons, and of good esteem,
That pass’d an easy, exemplary life,
Remote from want and care, and worldly strife.

V.

Between the Monks and Giants there subsisted,
In the first abbot’s lifetime, much respect ;
The Giants let them settle where they listed ;
The Giants were a tolerating sect.
A poor lame Giant once the Monks assisted,
Old and abandon’d, dying with neglect,
The Prior found him, cured his broken bone,
And very kindly cut him for the stone.

VI.

This seem'd a glorious, golden opportunity,
To civilize the whole gigantic race ;
To draw them to pay tithes, and dwell in unity ;
The Giants' valley was a fertile place,
And might have much enrich'd the whole community,
Had the old Giant lived a longer space ;
But he relapsed, and though all means weré tried,
They could but just baptize him—when he died.

VII.

And, I believe, the Giants never knew
Of the kind treatment that befel their mate ;
He broke down all at once, and all the crew
Had taken leave, and left him to his fate ;
And though the Monks exposé him full in view,
Propt on his crutches, at the garden gate,
To prove their cure, and shew that all was right,
It happen'd that no Giants came in sight :

VIII.

They never found another case to cure,
But their demeanour calm and reverential,
Their gesture and their vesture grave and pure,
Their conduct sober, cautious, and prudential,
Engag'd respect, sufficient to secure
Their properties and interests most essential ;
They kept a distant, courteous intercourse ;
Salutes and gestures were their sole discourse.

IX.

Musick will civilize, the poets say,
In time it might have civilized the Giants ;
The Jesuits found its use in Paraguay ;
Orpheus was famous for harmonic science,
And civilized the Thracians in that way ;
My judgment coincides with Mr. Bryant's ;
He thinks that Orpheus meant a race of cloisterers,
Obnoxious to the Bacchanalian roisterers.

X.

Deciphering the symbols of mythology,
He finds them Monks, expert in their vocation ;
Teachers of music, medicine, and theology,
The missionaries of the barbarous Thracian ;
The poet's fable was a wild apology
For an inhuman bloody reformation,
Which left those tribes uncivilized and rude,
Naked and fierce, and painted and tattoo'd.

XI.

It was a glorious jacobinic job
To pull down convents, to condemn for treason
Poor peeping Pentheus—to carouse and rob,
With naked raving goddesses of reason,
The festivals and orgies of the mob
That every twentieth century come in season.
Enough of Orpheus—the succeeding page
Relates to Monks of a more recent age ;

XII.

And oft that wild untutor'd race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environ'd them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the Minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream ;

XIII.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon had shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depth of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.

XIV.

Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus far each could venture—" Listen,
brothers,

" It seems as if one heard heaven's thunder melt
" In music !—all at once it sooths—it smothers—
" It overpowers one—Pillicock, don't pelt !
" It seems a kind of shame, a kind of sin,
" To vex those harmless worthy souls within."

XV.

In castles and in courts Ambition dwells,
But not in castles or in courts alone ;
She breathed a wish, throughout those sacred cells,
For bells of larger size, and louder tone ;
Giants abominate the sound of bells,
And soon the fierce antipathy was shown,
The tinkling and the jingling, and the clangour,
Roused their irrational gigantic anger.

XVI.

Unhappy mortals ! ever blind to fate !
Unhappy Monks ! you see no danger nigh ;
Exulting in their sound and size and weight,
From morn till noon the merry peal you ply :
The belfry rocks, your bosoms are elate,
Your spirits with the ropes and pullies fly ;
Tired, but transported, panting, pulling, hauling,
Ramping and stamping, overjoy'd and bawling.

XVII.

Meanwhile the solemn mountains that furrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With tintinnabular uproar were astounded,
When the first peal burst forth at break of day :
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think, or what to say ;
And (though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

XVIII.

Yet) Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation ;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discuss'd the topic by reverberation ;
Discourfing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, " ding-dong."

XIX.

Those giant-mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place :
Not so the mountain-giants—(as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race),
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

XX.

Historians are extremely to be pitied,
Obliged to persevere in the narration
Of wrongs and horrid outrages committed,
Oppression, sacrilege, assassination ;
The following scenes I wish'd to have omitted,
But truth is an imperious obligation.
So—" my heart sickens, and I drop my pen,"
And am obliged to pick it up again,

XXI.

And, dipping it afresh, I must transcribe
An ancient monkish record, which displays
The savage acts of that gigantic tribe ;
I hope, that from the diction of those days,
This noble, national poem will imbibe
A something (in the old reviewing phrase),
“Of an original flavour, and a raciness ;”
I should not else transcribe it out of laziness.

XXII.

The writer first relates a dream, or vision,
Observed by Luke and Lawrence in their cells,
And a nocturnal hideous apparition
Of fiends and devils dancing round the bells :
This last event is stated with precision ;
Their persons he describes, their names he tells,
Klaproth, Tantallan, Barbanel, Belphegor,
Long-tail'd, long-talon'd, hairy, black, and meagre.

XXIII.

He then rehearses sundry marvels more,
Damping the mind with horror by degrees,
Of a prodigious birth a heifer bore,
Of mermaids seen in the surrounding seas,
Of a sea-monster that was cast ashore ;
Earthquakes and thunder-stones, events like
these,
Which served to shew the times were out of joint,
And then proceeds directly to the point.

XXIV.

*Erant rumores et timores varii ;
Dies horroris et confusionis
Evenit in calendis Januarii ;
Gigantes, semen maledictionis
Nostri potentes impii adversarii,
Irascebantur campanarum sonis,
Horâ secundâ centum tres gigantes
Venerunt ante januam ululantes.*

XXV.

*At fratres pleni desolationis,
Stabant ad necessarium præsidium,
Perterriti pro vitis et pro bonis,
Et perduravit hoc crudele obsidium,
Nostri claustralis pauperis Sionis,
Ad primum diem proximorum Idium ;
Tunc in triumpho fracto tintinnabulo,
Gigantes ibant alibi pro pabulo.*

XXVI.

*Sed frater Isidorus decumbebat
In lecto per tres menses brachio fracto,
Nam lapides Mangonellus jaciebat,
Et fregit tintinnabulum lapide jacto ;
Et omne vicinagium destruebat,
Et nihil relinquebat de intacto,
Ardens molinos, Casas, messuagia,
Et alia multa damna atque outragia.*

XXVII.

Those Monks were poor proficient in divinity,
And scarce knew more of Latin than myself;
Compared with theirs they say that true Latinity
Appears like porcelain compared with delf;
As for the damage done in the vicinity,
Those that have laid their Latin on the shelf
May like to read the subsequent narration
Done into metre from a friend's translation.

XXVIII.

Squire Humphry Bamberham, of Boozley Hall,
(Whose name I mention with deserved respect),
On market-days was often pleased to call,
And to suggest improvements, or correct;
I own the obligation once for all,
Left critics should imagine they detect
Traces of learning and superior reading,
Beyond, as they suppose, my birth and breeding.

XXIX.

Papers besides, and transcripts most material,
He gave me when I went to him to dine;
A trunk full, one coach-seat, and an imperial,
One band-box—But the work is wholly mine;
The tone, the form, the colouring ethereal,
“The vision and the faculty divine,”*
The scenery, characters, and triple-rhymes,
I'll swear it—like old Walter of the Times.

[* Wordsworth, *Excursion*, Book I.—ED.]

xxx.

Long, long before, upon a point of weight,
Such as a ring of bells complete and new,
Chapters were summon'd, frequent, full, and late;
The point was view'd in every point of view,
Till, after fierce discussion and debate,
The wiser monks, the wise are always few,
That from the first opposed the plan *in toto*,
Were over-borne, *canonicali voto*.

xxxi.

A prudent monk, their reader and librarian,
Observed a faction, angry, strong, and warm,
(Himself an anti-tintinnabularian),
He saw, or thought he saw, a party form
To scout him as an alien and sectarian.
There was an undefined impending storm!
The opponents were united, bold, and hot;
They might degrade, imprison him—what not?

xxxii.

Now faction in a city, camp, or cloister,
While it is yet a tender raw beginner,
Is nourish'd by superfluous warmth and moisture,
Namely, by warmth and moisture after dinner;
And therefore, till the temper and the posture
Of things should alter—till a secret inner
Instinctive voice should whisper, all is right—
He deem'd it safest to keep least in fight.

XXXIII.

He felt as if his neck were in a noose,
And evermore retired betimes from table,
For fear of altercation and abuse,
But made the best excuse that he was able ;
He never rose without a good excuse,
(Like Master Stork invited in the fable
To Mr. Fox's dinner) ; there he sat,
Impatient to retire and take his hat.

XXXIV.

For only once or twice that he remain'd
To change this constant formal course, he found
His brethren awkward, fullen, and constrain'd,
—He caught the conversation at a bound,
And, with a hurried agitation, strain'd
His wits to keep it up, and drive it round.
—It saved him—but he felt the risk and danger,
Behaved—to like a pleasant utter stranger.

XXXV.

Wise people sometimes will pretend to sleep,
And watch and listen while they droop and
snore—
He felt himself a kind of a black sheep,
But studied to be neither less or more
Obliging than became him—but to keep
His temper, style, and manner as before ;
It seem'd the best, the safest, only plan,
Never to seem to feel as a mark'd man.

XXXVI.

Wife Curs, when canister'd, refuse to run ;
 They merely crawl and creep about, and whine,
 And disappoint the Boys, and spoil the fun—
 That picture is too mean—this Monk of mine
 Ennobled it, as others since have done,
 With grace and ease, and grandeur of design ;
 He neither ran nor howl'd, nor crept nor turn'd,
 But wore it as he walk'd, quite unconcern'd.

XXXVII.

To manifest the slightest want of nerve
 Was evidently perfect, utter ruin,
 Therefore the seeming to recant or swerve,
 By meddling any way with what was doing,
 He felt within himself would only serve
 To bring down all the mischief that was brewing ;
 “ No duty binds me, no constraint compels
 “ To bow before the Dagon of the Bells,

XXXVIII.

“ To flatter this new foolery, to betray
 “ My vote, my conscience, and my better sense,
 “ By bustling in the Belfry day by day ;
 “ But in the Grange, the Cellar, or the Spence,
 “ (While all are otherwise employ'd), I may
 “ Deserve their thanks, at least avoid offence ;
 “ For (while this vile anticipated clatter
 “ Fills all their hearts and senses), every matter

XXXIX.

"Behoveful for our maintenance and needs
"Is wholly disregarded, and the course
"Of our conventual management proceeds
"At random, day by day, from bad to worse;
"The Larder dwindles and the Cellar bleeds!
"Besides,—besides the bells, we must disburse
"For masonry, for frame-work, wheels and fliers;
"Next winter we must fast like genuine friars."

XL.

As Bees, that when the skies are calm and fair,
In June, or the beginning of July,
Launch forth colonial settlers in the air,
Round, round, and round-about, they whiz,
they fly,
With eager worry whirling here and there,
They know not whence, nor whither, where,
nor why,
In utter hurry-scurry, going, coming,
Maddening the summer air with ceaseless
humming;

XLI.

Till the strong Frying-pan's energetic jangle
With thrilling thrum their feeble hum doth
drown,
Then passive and appeased, they droop and dangle,
Clinging together close, and clustering down,

Link'd in a multitudinous living tangle
Like an old Tassel of a dingy brown ;
The joyful Farmer sees, and spreads his hay,
And reckons on a settled sultry day.

XLII.

E'en so the Monks, as wild as sparks of fire,
(Or swarms unpacified by pan or kettle),
Ran restless round the Cloisters and the Quire,
Till those huge masses of sonorous metal
Attracted them toward the Tower and Spire ;
There you might see them cluster, crowd,
and settle,
Throng'd in the hollow tintinnabular Hive ;
The Belfry swarm'd with Monks ; it seem'd alive.

XLIII.

Then, while the Cloisters, Courts, and Yards
were still,
Silent and empty, like a long vacation ;
The Friar prowld about, intent to fill
Details of delegated occupation,
Which, with a ready frankness and good will,
He undertook ; he said, " the obligation
" Was nothing—nothing—he could serve their
turn
" While they were busy with this new concern."

XLIV.

Combining prudence with a scholar's pride,
Poor Tully, like a toad beneath a harrow,

Twitch'd, jerk'd, and haul'd and maul'd on
every side,
Tried to identify himself with Varro ;
This course our cautious Friar might have
tried,
But his poor convent was a field too narrow ;
There was not, from the Prior to the Cook,
A single soul that cared about a book :

XLV.

Yet, sitting with his books, he felt unclogg'd,
Unfetter'd ; and for hours together tasted
The calm delight of being neither dogg'd,
Nor watch'd, nor worried ; he transcribed, he
pasted,
Repaired old Bindings, index'd, catalogued,
Illuminated, mended Clasps, and wasted
An hour or two sometimes in actual reading ;
Meanwhile the belfry business was proceeding ;

XLVI.

And the first opening Peal, the grand display,
In prospect ever present to his mind,
Was fast approaching, pregnant with dismay,
With loathing and with horror undefined,
Like the expectation of an Ague-day ;
The day before he neither supp'd nor dined,
And felt beforehand, for a fortnight near,
A kind of deafness in his fancy's ear :

XLVII.

But moſt he fear'd his ill-digeſted ſpleen,
Inflamed by gibes, might lead him on to wrangle,
Or diſcompoſe, at leaſt, his looks and mien ;
So, with the Belfry's firſt prelufive jangle,
He fallied from the Garden-gate unſeen,
With his worſt hat, his boots, his line and angle,
Meaning to paſs away the time, and bring
Some fiſh for ſupper, as a civil thing.

XLVIII.

The proſpect of their after-ſupper talk
Employ'd his thoughts, forecasting many a ſcoff,
Which he with quick reply muſt damp and balk,
Parrying at once, without a hem or cough,
“ Had not the bells annoy'd him in his walk ?—
“ No, faith ! he liked them beſt when fartheſt
off.”

Thus he prepared and practiſed many a ſentence,
Expreſſing eaſe, good-humour, independence.

XLIX.

His ground-bait had been laid the night before,
Moſt fortunately ! for he uſed to ſay,
“ That more than once the belfry's bothering roar
“ Almoſt induced him to remove away ; ”
Had he ſo done,—the gigantean corps
Had ſack'd the convent on that very day,
But providentially the perch and dace
Bit freely, which detain'd him at the place.

L.

And here let us detain ourselves awhile,
My dear Thalia ! party's angry frown
And petty malice in that monkish pile,
(The warfare of the cowl and of the gown),
Had almost dried my wits and drain'd my style ;
Here, with our legs, then, idly dangling down,
We'll rest upon the bank, and dip our toes
In the poetic current as it flows.

LI.

Or in the narrow funny plashees near,
Observe the puny piscatory Swarm,
That with their tiny Squadrons tack and veer,
Cruising amidst the shelves and shallows warm,
Chafing, or in retreat, with hope or fear
Of petty plunder or minute alarm ;
With clannish instinct how they wheel and face,
Inherited arts inherent in the race ;

LII.

Or mark the jetty, glossy Tribes that glance
Upon the water's firm unruffled breast,
Tracing their ancient labyrinthic dance
In mute mysterious cadence unexpress'd ;
Alas ! that fresh disaster and mischance
Again must drive us from our place of rest !
Grim Mangonel, with his outrageous crew,
Will scare us hence within an hour or two.

LIII.

Poets are privileged to run away—
 Alcæus and Archilochus could fling
 Their shields behind them in a doubtful fray ;
 And still sweet Horace may be heard to sing
 His filthy fright upon Philippi's day ;
 (—You can retire, too—for the Muse's wing
 Is swift as Cupid's pinion when he flies,
 Alarm'd at periwigs and human Ties).

LIV.

This practice was approved in times of yore,
 Though later bards behaved like gentlemen,
 And Garcilaffo, Camoens, many more,
 Disclaim'd the privilege of book and pen ;
 And bold Aneurin, all bedripp'd with gore,
 Bursting by force from the beleaguer'd glen,
 Arrogant, haughty, fierce, of fiery mood,
 Not meek and mean, as Gray misunderstood.

LV.

But we, that write a mere Campaigning Tour,
 May choose a station for our point of view
 That's picturesque and perfectly secure ;
 Come, now we'll sketch the friar—That will
 do—
 “ Designs and etchings by an amateur ;”
 “ A frontispiece, and a vignette or two :”
 But much I fear that aquatint and etching
 Will scarce keep pace with true poetic sketching.

LVI.

Dogs that inhabit near the banks of Nile,
 (As ancient authors or old proverbs say),
 Dreading the cruel critic Crocodile,
 Drink as they run; a mouthful and away;
 'Tis a true model for descriptive style;
 "Keep moving," (as the man says in the play),
 The power of motion is the poet's forte—
 Therefore, again, "keep moving! that's your fort!"

LVII.

For, otherwise, while you persist and paint,
 With your portfolio pinion'd to a spot,
 Half of your picture grows effaced and faint,
 Imperfectly remember'd, or forgot;
 Make sketch, then, upon sketch; and if they a'n't
 Complete, it does not signify a jot;
 Leave graphic illustrations of your work
 To be devised by Westall or by Smirke.

LVIII.

I'll speak my mind at once, in spite of raillery;
 I've thought and thought again a thousand times,
 What a magnificent Poetic Gallery
 Might be design'd from my Stowmarket rhymes;
 I look for no reward, nor fee, nor salary,
 I look for England's fame in foreign climes
 And future ages—*Honos alit Artes*,
 And such a plan would reconcile all parties.

LIX.

I'm strongly for the present state of things ;
I look for no reform, nor innovation,
Because our present Parliaments and Kings
Are competent to improve and rule the Nation,
Provided Projects that true Genius brings
Are held in due respect and estimation.
I've said enough—and now you must be wishing
To see the landscape, and the friar fishing.





CANTO IV.

I.



MIGHTY current, unconfined and
free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the
mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base ; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalm'd beneath some little island's lee
All tranquil, and transparent, close embay'd ;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of Heaven ;

II.

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixt and true ;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue ;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning, to retire anew :
So rest and motion, in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

III.

The Monk with handy jerk, and petty baits,
 Stands twitching out apace the perch and roach ;
 His mightier tackle, pitch'd apart, awaits
 The groveling barbel's unobserved approach :
 And soon his motley meal of homely Cates
 Is spread, the leather bottle is a-broach ;
 Eggs, Bacon, Ale, a Napkin, Cheese and Knife,
 Forming a charming Picture of Still-life.

IV.

The Friar fishing—a design for Cuyp,
 A cabinet jewel—"Pray remark the boot ;
 "And, leading from the light, that shady stripe,
 "With the dark bulrush-heads how well they
 suit ;
 "And then, that mellow tint so warm and ripe,
 "That falls upon the cassock, and furtout :"
 If it were fairly painted, puff'd and sold,
 My gallery would be worth its weight in gold.

V.

But hark !—the busy Chimes fall fast and strong,
 Clattering and pealing in their full career ;
 Closely the thickening sounds together throng,
 No longer painful to the Friar's ear,
 They bind his Fancy with illusion strong ;
 While his rapt Spirit hears, or seems to hear,
 "Turn, turn again—gen—gen, thou noble Friar,
 "Eleele—leele—leele—lested Prior."

VI.

Thus the mild Monk, as he unhook'd a gudgeon,
Stood musing—when far other sounds arise,
Sounds of despite and ire, and direful dudgeon ;
And soon across the River he espies,
In wrathful act, a hideous huge Curmudgeon
Calling his Comrades on with shouts and cries,
“ There !—there it is !—I told them so before ;”
He left his Line and Hook, and said no more ;

VII.

But ran right forward, (pelted all the way),
And bolted breathless at the Convent-gate,
The messenger and herald of dismay ;
But soon with conscious worth, and words of
weight,
Gives orders which the ready Monks obey :
Doors, windows, wickets, are blockaded
straight ;
He reinspires the Convent's drooping sons,
Is here and there, and everywhere, at once.

VIII.

“ Friends ! fellow-Monks !” he cried, (“ for well
you know
“ That mightiest Giants must in vain essay
“ Across yon river's foaming gulf to go :)
“ The mountainous, obscure and winding way,
“ That guides their footsteps to the Ford below,
“ Affords a respite of desired delay—

“Seize then the passing hour !”—the Monk kept
bawling,
In terms to this effect, though not so drawling.

IX.

His words were these, “Before the Ford is croft,
“We’ve a good hour,—at least three quarters
good—
“Bestir yourselves, my lads, or all is lost—
“Drive down this Staunchion, bring those
Spars of wood ;
“This Bench will serve—here, wedge it to the
Post ;
“Come, Peter, quick ! strip off your Gown
and Hood—
“Take up the Mallet, Man, and bang away !
“Tighten these Ropes—now lash them, and belay.

X.

“Finish the job while I return—I fear
“Yon Postern-gate will prove the Convent’s
ruin ;
“You, brother John, my Namesake ! stay you
here,
“And give an eye to what these Monks are
doing ;
“Bring out the scalding Sweet-wort, and the Beer,
“Keep up the Stoke-hole fire, where we were
brewing :
“And pull the Gutters up and melt the Lead—
“(Before a dozen *aves* can be said,)

XI.

"I shall be back amongst you."—Forth he went,
Secured the Postern, and return'd again,
Disposing all with high arbitrement,
With earnest air, and visage on the main
Concern of public safety fixt and bent ;
For now the Giants, stretching o'er the plain,
Are seen, presenting in the dim horizon
Tall awful forms, horrific and surprising—

XII.

I'd willingly walk barefoot fifty mile,
To find a scholar, or divine, or squire,
That could assist me to devise a Style
Fit to describe the conduct of the Friar ;
I've tried three different ones within a while,
The Grave, the Vulgar, and the grand High-
flier ;
All are I think improper, more or less,
I'll take my chance amongst 'em—you shall guess.

XIII.

Intrepid, eager, ever prompt to fly
Where danger and the Convent's safety call ;
Where doubtful points demand a judging eye,
Where on the massy gates huge maces fall ;
Where missile vollied rocks are whirl'd on high,
Preëminent upon the embattled wall,
In gesture, and in voice, he stands confess ;
Exhorting all the Monks to do their best.

XIV.

We redescend to phrase of low degree—
 For there's a point which you must wish to
 know,
 The real ruling Abbot—where was he?
 For (since we make so classical a show,
 Our Convent's mighty structure, as you see,
 Like Thebes or Troy beleaguer'd by the foe:
 Our Friar scuffling like a kind of Cocles),
 You'll figure him perhaps like Eteocles

XV.

In Æschylus, with sentries, guards and watches,
 Ready for all contingencies arising,
 Pitting his chosen chiefs in equal matches
 Against the foe—anon soliloquizing;
 Then occupied anew with fresh dispatches—
 Nothing like this!—but something more sur-
 prising—
 Was he like Priam then—that's stranger far—
 That in the ninth year of his Trojan war,

XVI.

Knew not the names or persons of his foes,
 But merely points them out as stout or tall,
 While (as no Trojan knew them, I suppose),
 Helen attends her father to the wall,
 To tell him long details of these and those?
 'Twas not like this, but strange and odd withal;

" Nobody knows it—nothing need be said,
 " Our poor dear Abbot is this instant dead.

XVII.

" They wheel'd him out, you know, to take the
 air—
 " It must have been an apoplectic fit—
 " He tumbled forward from his garden-chair—
 " He seem'd completely gone, but warm as yet :
 " I wonder how they came to leave him there ;
 " Poor soul ! he wanted courage, heart, and wit
 " For Times like these—the Shock and the Sur-
 prise !
 " 'Twas very natural the Gout should rise.

XVIII.

" But such a sudden end was scarce expected ;
 " Our parties will be puzzled to proceed ;
 " The belfry set divided and dejected :
 " The crisis is a strange one, strange indeed ;
 " I'll bet yon fighting Friar is elected ;
 " It often happens in the hour of need,
 " From popular ideas of utility,
 " People are pitch'd upon for mere ability.

XIX.

" I'll hint the subject, and communicate
 " The sad event—He's standing there apart ;
 " Our offer, to be sure, comes somewhat late,
 " But then, we never thought he meant to start,

“ And if he gains his end, at any rate,
 “ He has an understanding and a heart ;
 “ He’ll serve or he’ll protect his friends, at least,
 “ With better spirit than the poor deceased ;

XX.

“ The convent was all going to the devil
 “ While he, poor creature, thought himself
 beloved
 “ For saying handsome things, and being civil,
 “ Wheeling about as he was pull’d and shoved,
 “ By way of leaving things to find their level.”
 The funeral sermon ended, both approved,
 And went to Friar John, who merely doubted
 The fact, and wish’d them to inquire about it ;

XXI.

Then left them, and return’d to the attack :
 They found their Abbot in his former place ;
 They took him up and turn’d him on his back ;
 At first (you know) he tumbled on his face :
 They found him fairly stiff, and cold, and black ;
 They *then* unloosed each ligature and lace,
 His neckcloth and his girdle, hose and garters,
 And took him up, and lodged him in his quarters.

XXII.

Bees served me for a simile before,
 And bees again—“ Bees that have lost their
 king,”

Would seem a repetition and a bore ;
Besides, in fact, I never saw the thing ;
And though those phrases from the good old store
Of " feebler hummings and a flagging wing,"
Perhaps may be descriptive and exact ;
I doubt it ; I confine myself to fact.

XXIII.

Thus much is certain, that a mighty pother
Arises ; that the frame and the condition
Of things is alter'd, they combine and bother,
And every winged insect politician
Is warm and eager till they choofe another.
In our monastic Hive the same ambition
Was active and alert ; but angry fortune
Constrain'd them to contract the long, importune,

XXIV.

Tedious, obscure, inexplicable train,
Qualification, form, and oath and test,
Ballots on ballots, balloted again ;
Accessits, scrutinies, and all the rest ;
Theirs was the good old method, short and plain ;
Per acclamationem they invest
Their fighting Friar John with Robes and Ring,
Crozier and Mitre, Seals, and every thing.

XXV.

With a new warlike active Chief elected,
Almost at once, it scarce can be conceived

What a new spirit, real or affected,
 Prevail'd throughout; the Monks complain'd
 and grieved
 That nothing was attempted or projected;
 While Quiristers and Novices believed
 That their new fighting Abbot, Friar John,
 Would fall forth at once, and lead them on.

XXVI.

I pass such gossip, and devote my cares
 By diligent inquiry to detect
 The genuine state and posture of affairs:
 Unmanner'd, uninform'd, and incorrect,
 Falsehood and Malice hold alternate chairs,
 And lecture and preside in Envy's sect;
 The fortunate and great she never spares,
 Sowing the soil of history with tares.

XXVII.

Thus, jealous of the truth, and feeling loth
 That Sir Nathaniel henceforth should accuse
 Our noble Monk of cowardice and sloth,
 I'll print the Affidavit of the Muse,
 And state the facts as ascertain'd on Oath,
 Corroborated by Surveys and Views,
 When good King Arthur granted them a Brief,
 And Ninety Groats were raised for their relief.

XXVIII.

Their arbours, walks, and alleys were defaced,
 Riven and uprooted, and with ruin strown,

And the fair Dial in their garden placed
Batter'd by barbarous hands, and overthrown ;
The Deer with wild pursuit disperfed and chased,
The Dove-house ranfack'd, and the Pigeons
flown ;
The Cows all kill'd in one promiscuous slaughter,
The Sheep all drown'd, and floating in the water.

XXIX.

The Mill was burn'd down to the water wheels ;
The Giants broke away the Dam and Sluice,
Dragg'd up and emptied all the Fishing-reels ;
Drain'd and deftroy'd the Refervoir and Stews,
Wading about, and groping carp and eels ;
In fhort, no fingle earthly thing of ufe
Remain'd untouch'd beyond the convent's wall :
The Friars from their windows view'd it all.

XXX.

But the bare hope of perfonal defence,
The church, the convent's and their own
protection,
Abforb'd their thoughts, and silenced every fenfe
Of prefent lofs, till Friar John's election ;
Then other fchemes arofe, I know not whence,
Whether from flattery, zeal, or difaffection,
But the brave Monk, like Fabius with Hannibal,
Againft internal faction, and the cannibal

XXXI.

Inhuman foe, that threaten'd from without,
Stood firmly, with a self-sufficing mind,
Impregnable to rumour, fear, or doubt,
Determined that the casual, idle, blind
Event of battle with that barbarous Rout,
Flush'd with success and garbage, should not bind
Their future destinies, or fix the seal
Of ruin on the claustral Common-weal.

XXXII.

He check'd the rash, the boisterous, and the proud,
By speech and action, manly but discreet ;
During the siege he never once allow'd
Of chapters, or convoked the monks to meet,
Dreading the consultations of a crowd.
Historic parallels we sometimes meet—
I think I could contrive one—if you please,
I shall compare our Monk to Perikles.

XXXIII.

In former Times, amongst the Athenians bold,
This Perikles was placed in high command,
Heading their troops (as statesmen used of old),
In all their wars and fights by sea and land ;
Besides, in Langhorne's Plutarch we are told
How many fine ingenious things he plann'd ;
For Phidias was an Architect and Builder,
Jeweller and Engraver, Carver, Gilder ;

XXXIV.

But altogether quite expert and clever ;
Perikles took him up and stood his friend,
Persuading these Athenians to endeavour
To raise a Work to last to the world's end,
By means of which their Fame should last for ever ;
Likewise an Image (which, you comprehend,
They meant to pray to, for the country's good) ;
They had before an old one made of wood,

XXXV.

But being partly rotten and decay'd,
They wish'd to have a new one spick-and-span,
So Perikles advised it should be made
According to this Phidias's plan,
Of ivory, with gold all overlaid,
Of the height of twenty cubits and a span,
Making eleven yards of English measure,
All to be paid for from the public treasure.

XXXVI.

So Phidias's talents were requited
With talents that were spent upon the work,
And every body busied and delighted,
Building a Temple—this was their next quirk—
Left it should think itself ill-used and slighted.
This Temple now belongs to the Grand Turk,
The finest in the world allow'd to be,
That people go five hundred miles to see.

XXXVII.

Its ancient Carvings are safe here at home,
Brought round by shipping from as far as Greece,
Finer, they say, than all the things at Rome ;
But here you need not pay a penny-piece ;
But curious people, if they like to come,
May look at them as often as they please—
I've left my subject, but I was not sorry
To mention things that raise the country's glory.

XXXVIII.

Well, Perikles made everything complete,
Their town, their harbour, and their city wall ;
When their allies rebell'd, he made them treat
And pay for peace, and tax'd and fined them all,
By which means Perikles maintain'd a fleet,
And kept three hundred galleys at his call ;
Perikles was a man for every thing ;
Perikles was a kind of petty king.

XXXIX.

It happen'd Sparta was another State ;
They thought themselves as good ; they could
not bear
To see the Athenians grown so proud and great,
Ruling and domineering every where,
And so resolved, before it grew too late,
To fight it out and settle the affair ;
Then, being quite determined to proceed,
They muster'd an amazing force indeed ;

XL.

And (after praying to their idol Mars)
March'd on, with all the allies that chose to join,
As was the practice in old heathen wars,
Destroying all the fruit trees, every vine,
And smashing and demolishing the jars
In which those classic ancients kept their wine ;
The Athenians ran within the city wall
To save themselves, their children, wives, and all.

XLI.

Then Perikles (whom they compared to Jove,
As being apt to storm and play the deuce),
Kept quiet, and forbade the troops to move,
Because a battle was no kind of use ;
The more they mutinied, the more he strove
To keep them safe in spite of their abuse,
For while the Farms were ransack'd round the
Town,
This was the people's language up and down :

XLII.

" 'Tis better to die once than live to see
" Such an abomination, such a waste ;"
" No ! no !" says Perikles, " that must not be,
" You're too much in hurry,—too much haste—
" Learned Athenians, leave the thing to me ;
" You think of being bullied and disgraced ;
" Don't think of that, nor answer their defiance ;
" We'll gain the day by our superior science."

XLIII.

Perikles led the people as he pleased,
 But in most cases something is forgot :
 What with the crowd and heat they grew diseased,
 And died in heaps like wethers with the rot ;
 And, at the last, the same distemper seized
 Poor Perikles himself—he went to pot.
 It answer'd badly ;—therefore I admire
 So much the more the conduct of the Friar.

XLIV.

For in the Garrison where he presided,
 Neither distress, nor famine, nor disease,
 Were felt, nor accident nor harm betided
 The happy Monks ; but plenteous, and with
 ease,
 All needful monkish viands were provided ;
 Bacon and Pickled-herring, Pork and Peas ;
 And when the Table-beer began to fail,
 They found resources in the Bottled-ale.

XLV.

Dinner and supper kept their usual hours ;
 Breakfast and luncheon never were delay'd,
 While to the Sentries on the walls and towers
 Between two plates hot messes were convey'd.
 At the departure of the invading powers,
 It was a boast the noble Abbot made,
 None of his Monks were weaker, paler, thinner,
 Or, during all the siege, had lost a dinner.

XLVI.

This was the common course of their hostility ;
The giant forces being foil'd at first,
Had felt the manifest impossibility
Of carrying things before them at a burst,
But still, without a prospect of utility,
At stated hours they pelted, howl'd, and cursed ;
And sometimes, at the peril of their pates,
Would bang with clubs and maces at the gates ;

XLVII.

Them the brave monkish legions, unappall'd,
With stones that served before to pave the court,
(Heap'd and prepared at hand), repell'd and maul'd,
Without an effort, smiling as in sport,
With many a broken head, and many a scald
From stones and molten lead and boiling wort ;
Thus little Pillicock was left for dead,
And old Loblolly forced to keep his bed.

XLVIII.

The giant-troops invariably withdrew,
(Like mobs in Naples, Portugal, and Spain),
To dine at twelve o'clock, and sleep till two,
And afterwards (except in case of rain),
Return'd to clamour, hoot, and pelt anew.
The scene was every day the same again ;
Thus the Blockade grew tedious : I intended
A week ago, myself, to raise and end it.

XLIX.

One morn the drowfy Sentry rubb'd his eyes,
Foil'd by the scanty, baffling, early light ;
It seem'd, a Figure of inferior size

Was traversing the Giants' camp outright ;
And soon a Monkish Form they recognize—

And now their brother Martin stands in sight,
That on that morning of alarm and fear
Had rambled out to see the Salmon-Weir ;

L.

Passing the Ford, the Giants' first attack

Left brother Martin's station in their rear,
And thus prevented him from falling back ;

But during all the Siege he watch'd them near,
Saw them returning by their former Track

The night before, and found the Camp was clear ;
And so return'd in safety with delight
And rapture, and a ravenous appetite.

LI.

“ Well ! welcome,—welcome, brother !—Brother Martin !

“ Why, Martin ! we could scarce believe our eyes :

“ Ah, brother ! strange events here since our parting—”

And Martin dined (dispensing brief replies
To all the questions that the monks were starting,
Betwixt his mouthfuls), while each friar vies

In filling, helping, carving, questioning;
So Martin dined in public like a king.

LII.

And now the Gates are open'd, and the Throng
Forth issuing, the deserted Camp survey;
"Here Murdomack, and Mangonel the strong,
"And Gorboduc were lodged," and "here,"
they say,
"This pigsty to Poldavy did belong;
"Here Brindleback, and here Phagander lay."
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their posture squatting on the ground.

LIII.

Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet,
(An earnest and assurance of repose)
Close at the Ford; the cause of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was ascribed to causes multifarious,
To faints, as Jerom, George and Januariis,

LIV.

To their own pious founder's intercession,
To Ave-Maries, and our Lady's Psalter;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
To new wax candles placed upon the altar,

To their own prudence, valour, and discretion ;
 To reliques, rosaries, and holy water ;
 To beads and psalms, and feats of arms—in short,
 There was no end of their accounting for't.

LV.

But though they could not, you, perhaps, may
 guess ;

They went, in short, upon their last adventure :
 After the Ladies—neither more nor less—

Our story now revolves upon its centre,
 And I'm rejoiced myself, I must confess,

To find it tally like an old indenture ;
 They drove off Mules and Horses half a score,
 The same that you saw roasted heretofore.

LVI.

Our Giants' memoirs still remain on hand,
 For all my notions, being genuine gold,
 Beat out beneath the hammer and expand,
 And multiply themselves a thousandfold
 Beyond the first idea that I plann'd ;

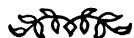
Besides,—this present copy must be sold :
 Besides,—I promised Murray t'other day,
 To let him have it by the tenth of May.







TRANSLATIONS FROM "THE
POEM OF THE CID."



[Printed as an Appendix to the *Chronicle of the Cid, from the Spanish*, by Robert Southey, Lond. 1808, pp. 437-468. Southey introduces them thus :—"The following translated extracts from "the POEMA DEL CID may serve to give an idea "of the style of language and *mètre*, and of the "species of poetical merit which belongs to the "Poem. They have been obligingly communi- "cated to me by a gentleman well acquainted "with the Spanish language. I have never seen "any other translation which so perfectly repre- "sents the manner, character, and spirit of its "original."]

"The first of these monuments in age, and the first in importance, is the poem commonly called, with primitive simplicity and directness, 'The Poem of the Cid.' It consists of above 3000 lines, and can hardly have been composed later than the year 1200. Its subject, as its name implies, is taken from among the adventures of the Cid, the great popular hero of the chivalrous age of Spain; and the whole tone of its manners and feelings is in sympathy with the contest between the Moors and the Christians, in which the Cid bore so great a part, and which was still going on with undiminished violence at the period when the poem was written. It has therefore a national bearing and a national character throughout.

"The Cid himself, who is to be found constantly commemorated in Spanish poetry, was born in the north-western part of Spain, about the year 1040, and died, in 1099, at Valencia, which he had rescued from the Moors. His original name was Ruy Diaz, or Rodrigo Diaz; and he was by birth one of the considerable barons of his country. The title of Cid, by which he is almost always known, is believed to have come to him from the remarkable circumstance that five Moorish kings or chiefs acknowledged him in one battle as their Seid, or their lord and conqueror; and the title of *Campeador* or Champion, by which he is hardly less known, though it is commonly supposed to have been given to him as a leader of the armies of Sancho the Second, has long since been used almost exclusively as a popular expression of the admiration of his countrymen for his exploits against the Moors. At any rate, from a very early period, he has been called El

"Cid Campeador, or The Lord Champion. And he well
 "deserved the honourable title; for he passed almost the
 "whole of his life in the field against the oppressors of his
 "country, suffering, so far as we know, scarcely a single
 "defeat from the common enemy, though, on more than
 "one occasion, he was exiled and sacrificed by the Christian
 "princes to whose interests he had attached himself.

"But whatever may have been the real adventures of his
 "life, over which the peculiar darkness of the period when
 "they were achieved has cast a deep shadow, he comes to us
 "in modern times as the great defender of his nation against
 "its Moorish invaders, and seems to have so filled the imagi-
 "nation and satisfied the affections of his countrymen, that,
 "centuries after his death, and even down to our own days,
 "poetry and tradition have delighted to attach to his name
 "a long series of fabulous achievements, which connect
 "him with the mythological fictions of the Middle Ages,
 "and remind us almost as often of Amadis and Arthur as
 "they do of the sober heroes of genuine history.

"The poem of the Cid was originally published by
 "Sanchez in the first volume of *Poesías Castellanas Ante-
 "riores al Siglo xv.* (Madrid, 1779). It contains 3744
 "lines, and if the deficiencies in the MS. were supplied,
 "Sanchez thinks the whole would come up to about 4000
 "lines."—TICKNOR's *History of Spanish Literature*, vol. i.



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CID.

ARGUMENT.

The Cid being driven into banishment by the intrigues of his enemies, is accompanied by several of his friends and followers, for whom he undertakes to provide by carrying on a predatory war against the Moors. In the course of their adventures they surprise the Castle of Alcocer, but are soon after surrounded and besieged by a superior army. After some difference of opinion, the Cid yields to the wishes of his followers, and determines upon a sally, which is successful.



HEY fain would sally forth, but he,
the noble Cid,
Accounted it as rashness, and constantly forbid.

The fourth week was beginning, the third already past,

The Cid and his companions they are now agreed at last.

“The water is cut off, the bread is well nigh spent,

“To allow us to depart by night the Moors will not consent.

"To combat with them in the field our numbers are but few,

"Gentlemen, tell me your minds, what do you think to do?"

Minaya Alvar Fañez answer'd him again,

"We are come here from fair Castile to live like banish'd men.

"There are here six hundred of us, beside some nine or ten;

"It is by fighting with the Moors that we have earn'd our bread,

"In the name of God that made us, let nothing more be said,

"Let us fall forth upon them by the dawn of day."

The Cid replied, "Minaya, I approve of what you say,

"You have spoken for the best, and had done so without doubt."

The Moors that were within the town they took and turn'd them out,

That none should know their secret; they labour'd all that night,

They were ready for the combat with the morning light.

The Cid was in his armour mounted at their head, He spoke aloud amongst them, you shall hear the words he said:

"We must all fall forth! There cannot a man be spared,

"Two footmen only at the gates to close them and keep guard;

" If we are slain in battle, they will bury us here
in peace,

" If we survive and conquer, our riches will increase.

" And you, Pero Bermuez, the standard you
must bear,

" Advance it like a valiant man, evenly and fair ;

" But do not venture forward before I give
command."

Bermuez took the standard, he went and kiss'd
his hand.

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at
once they rush'd,

The outposts of the Moorish host back to the
camp were push'd ;

The camp was all in tumult, and there was such
a thunder

Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would
cleave in sunder.

There you might see the Moors arming them-
selves in haste,

And the two main battles how they were form-
ing fast ;

Horsemen and footmen mix'd, a countless troop
and vast,

The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon
must join,

" My men, stand here in order, ranged upon a line !

" Let not a man move from his rank before I
give the sign."

Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain.

He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein ;

" You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes,

" Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes !

" Let him that serves and honours it show the duty that he owes."

Earnestly the Cid call'd out, " For heaven's sake, be still !"

Bermuez cried, " I cannot hold," so eager was his will.

He spurr'd his horse, and drove him on amid the Moorish rout ;

They strove to win the banner, and compass'd him about.

Had not his armour been so true he had lost either life or limb ;

The Cid call'd out again, " For heaven's sake, succour him !"

Their shields before their breasts, forth at once they go,

Their lances in the rest levell'd fair and low ;

Their banners and their crests waving in a row,

Their heads all stooping down toward the saddle bow.

The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,

" I am Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar ;

“ Strike amongst them, gentlemen, for sweet
mercy’s sake !”
There where Bermuez fought amidst the foe
they brake,
Three hundred banner’d knights, it was a gallant
show :
Three hundred Moors they kill’d, a man with
every blow ;
When they wheel’d and turn’d, as many more
lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances and level
them again.
There you might see the breastplates, how they
were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie shatter’d on the
plain.
The pennons that were white mark’d with a
crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been
slain.
The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors
upon Mahound,
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a
little spot of ground.
Minaya Alvar Fañez smote with all his might,
He went as he was wont, and was foremost in
the fight.
There was Galin Garcia, of courage firm and clear,
Felez Munioz, the Cid’s own cousin dear ;
Antolinez of Burgos, a hardy knight and keen,

Munio Gustioz, his pupil that had been.
The Cid on his gilded saddle above them all was
seen.

There was Martin Munioz, that ruled in Mont-
mayor,

There were Alvar Fañez, and Alvar Salvador :
These were the followers of the Cid, with many
others more,

In rescue of Bermuez and the standard that he
bore.

Minaya is dismounted, his courser has been slain,
He fights upon his feet, and smites with might
and main.

The Cid came all in haste to help him to horse
again ;

He saw a Moor well mounted, thereof he was
full fain,

Through the girdle at a stroke he cast him to the
plain :

He call'd to Minaya Fañez and reach'd him out
the rein,

" Mount and ride, Minaya, you are my right
hand,

" We shall have need of you to-day, these Moors
will not disband ! "

Minaya leapt upon the horse, his sword was in
his hand.

Nothing that came near him could resist him or
withstand ;

All that fall within his reach he despatches as he
goes.

The Cid rode to King Fariz, and struck at him
three blows ;

The third was far the best, it forced the blood to
flow :

The stream ran from his side, and stain'd his
arms below ;

The King caught round the rein and turn'd his
back to go,

The Cid has won the battle with that single blow.





ARGUMENT.

After various successes of inferior importance, the Cid undertakes and achieves the conquest of the City and Kingdom of Valencia, where he establishes himself in a species of sovereign authority. In the meantime he obtains the favour of the king: this favour, however, is accompanied by a request on the part of the King that the Cid should bestow his two daughters in marriage upon the Infants of Carrion, whose family were his old adversaries; the Cid in reply consents to place his daughters "at the disposition of the King." The wedding is celebrated at Valencia with the greatest possible splendour, and the two young Counts remain at Valencia with their father-in-law: their situation, however, is an invidious one; some occasions arise in which their courage appears doubtful, and the prudence and authority of the Cid are found insufficient to suppress the contemptuous mirth of his military court. Accordingly they enter into the resolution of leaving Valencia, but determining at the same time to execute a project of the basest and most unmanly revenge, they request of the Cid to be allowed to take their brides with them upon a journey to Carrion, under pretence of making them acquainted with the property which had been settled upon them at their marriage. The Cid is aware that their situation is an uneasy one; he readily consents, takes leave of them with great cordiality, loads them with presents, and at their departure bestows upon them the two celebrated swords, Colada and Tison. The Infants pursue

their journey till they arrive in a wilderness, where they dismiss their followers, and being left alone with their brides, proceed to execute their scheme of vengeance by stripping them and "mangling them with spurs and thongs," till they leave them without signs of life: in this state they are found by a relation of the Cid's, Felix Munio, who, suspecting some evil design, had followed them at a distance. They are brought back to Valencia. The Cid demands justice. The King assembles the Cortes upon the occasion. The Cid, being called upon to state his grievances, confines himself to the claim of the two swords which he had given to his sons-in-law, and which he now demands back since they have forfeited their character. The swords are restored without hesitation, and the Cid immediately bestows them upon two of his champions. He then rises again, and upon the same plea requires the restitution of the gifts and treasures with which he had honoured his sons-in-law at parting. This claim is resisted by his opponents: the Cortes, however, decide in favour of the Cid, and as the Infants plead their immediate inability, it is determined that the property which they have with them shall be taken at an appraisement. This is accordingly done. The Cid then rises a third time, and demands satisfaction for the insult which his daughters had suffered: an altercation arises, in the course of which the Infants of Carrion and one of their partisans are challenged by three champions on the part of the Cid.

* * * *



WITHIN a little space

There was many a noble courser

brought into the place,

Many a lusty mule with palfreys stout
and sure,

And many a goodly sword with all its furniture.

The Cid received them all at an appraisement made,
Besides two hundred marks that to the King
were paid :

The Infants give up all they have, their goods
are at an end,

They go about in haste to their kindred and
their friend ;

They borrow as they can, but all will scarce suffice ;
The attendants of the Cid take each thing at a price :
But as soon as this was ended, he began a new
device.

“ Justice and mercy, my Lord the King, I be-
seech you of your grace !

“ I have yet a grievance left behind, which no-
thing can efface.

“ Let all men present in the court attend and
judge the case,

“ Listen to what these Counts have done and pity
my disgrace.

“ Dishonour'd as I am, I cannot be so base,

“ But here, before I leave them, to defy them to
their face.

“ Say, Infants, how had I deserved, in earnest or
in jest,

“ Or on whatever plea you can defend it best,

“ That you should rend and tear the heartstrings
from my breast ?

“ I gave you at Valencia my daughters in your hand,

“ I gave you wealth and honours and treasure at
command ;

- “ Had you been weary of them, to cover your neglect,
 “ You might have left them with me in honour and respect.
 “ Why did you take them from me, dogs and traitors as you were?
 “ In the forest of Corpes, why did you strip them there?
 “ Why did you mangle them with whips? Why did you leave them bare
 “ To the vultures and the wolves, and to the wintry air?
 “ The court will hear your answer and judge what you have done.
 “ I say, your name and honour henceforth are lost and gone.”
- The Count Don Garcia was the first to rise:
 “ We crave your favour, my Lord the King, you are always just and wise;
 “ The Cid is come to your Court in such an uncouth guise,
 “ He has left his beard to grow and tied it in a braid,
 “ We are half of us astonish’d, the other half afraid.
 “ The blood of the Counts of Carrion is of too high a line
 “ To take a daughter from his house, though it were for a concubine.
 “ A concubine or a leman from the lineage of the Cid,

" They could have done no other than leave them as they did.

" We neither care for what he says nor fear what he may threat."

With that the noble Cid rose up from his seat :
He took his beard in his hand, " If this beard is fair and even,

" I must thank the Lord above, who made both earth and heaven ;

" It has been cherish'd with respect and therefore it has thriven :

" It never suffer'd an affront since the day it first was worn.

" What business, Count, have you to speak of it with scorn ?

" It never yet was shaken, nor pluck'd away nor torn,

" By Christian nor by Moor, nor by man of woman born,

" As yours was once, Sir Count, the day Cabra was taken ;

" When I was master of Cabra that beard of yours was shaken ;

" There was never a footboy in my camp but twitch'd away a bit :

" The side that I tore off grows all uneven yet."

Ferran Gonzales started upon the floor,
He cried with a loud voice, " Cid, let us hear no more,

" Your claim for goods and money was satisfied before :

" Let not a feud arise betwixt our friends and you,
 " We are the Counts of Carrion, from them our
 birth we drew.

" Daughters of Emperors or Kings were a
 match for our degree,

" We hold ourselves too good for a baron's such
 as thee.

" If we abandon'd, as you say, and left and gave
 them o'er,

" We vouch that we did right, and prize our-
 selves the more."

The Cid look'd at Bermuez, that was sitting at
 his foot ;

" Speak thou, Peter the Dumb, what ails thee
 to sit mute ?

" My daughters and thy nieces are the parties in
 dispute.

" Stand forth and make reply, if you would do
 them right.

" If I should rise to speak, you cannot hope to fight."

Peter Bermuez rose, somewhat he had to say,
 The words were strangled in his throat, they
 could not find their way ;

Till forth they came at once, without a stop or stay :

" Cid, I'll tell you what, this always is your way,

" You have always served me thus, whenever
 we have come

" To meet here in the Cortes, you call me Pe-
 ter the Dumb.

" I cannot help my nature ; I never talk nor rail ;

- " But when a thing is to be done, you know I never fail.
- " Fernando, you have lied, you have lied in every word :
- " You have been honour'd by the Cid, and favour'd and preferr'd.
- " I know of all your tricks, and can tell them to your face :
- " Do you remember in Valencia the skirmish and the chase ?
- " You ask'd leave of the Cid to make the first attack :
- " You went to meet a Moor, but you soon came running back.
- " I met the Moor and kill'd him, or he would have kill'd you ;
- " I gave you up his arms, and all that was my due.
- " Up to this very hour I never said a word.
- " You praised yourself before the Cid, and I stood by and heard,
- " How you had kill'd the Moor, and done a valiant act,
- " And they believed you all, but they never knew the fact.
- " You are tall enough and handsome, but cowardly and weak.
- " Thou tongue without a hand, how can you dare to speak ?
- " There's the story of the lion should never be forgot.
- " Now let us hear, Fernando, what answer have you got ?

- “ The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
“ The cry went forth along the hall, that the lion was unbound,—
“ What did you do, Fernando? like a coward as you were,
“ You slunk behind the Cid, and crouch'd beneath his chair.
“ We prest around the throne to shield our Lord from harm,
“ Till the good Cid awoke; he rose without alarm;
“ He went to meet the lion with his mantle on his arm;
“ The lion was abash'd the noble Cid to meet,
“ He bow'd his mane to the earth, his muzzle at his feet.
“ The Cid by the neck and mane drew him to his den,
“ He thrust him in at the hatch, and came to the hall again:
“ He found his knights, his vassals, and all his valiant men;
“ He ask'd for his sons-in-law, they were neither of them there.
“ I defy you for a coward and a traitor as you are;
“ For the daughters of the Cid you have done them great-unright,
“ In the wrong that they have suffer'd you stand dishonour'd quite.

- “ Although they are but women, and each of
you a knight,
“ I hold them worthier far ; and here my word
I plight,
“ Before the King Alfonso, upon this plea to fight.
“ If it be God his will, before the battle part,
“ Thou shalt avow it with thy mouth, like a
traitor as thou art.”
- Uprose Diego Gonzales and answer'd as he stood :
“ By our lineage we are Counts, and of the
purest blood ;
“ This match was too unequal, it never could
hold good ;
“ For the daughters of the Cid we acknowledge
no regret,
“ We leave them to lament the chastisement
they met.
“ It will follow them through life for a scandal
and a jest.
“ I stand upon this plea to combat with the best,
“ That having left them as we did, our honour
is increased.”
- Uprose Martin Antolinez when Diego ceased :
“ Peace, thou lying mouth ! thou traitor coward,
Peace !
“ The story of the lion should have taught you
shame at least :
“ You rush'd out at the door, and ran away so hard,
“ You fell into the cesspool that was open in the
yard.

- “ We dragg’d you forth in all men’s fight, drip
ping from the drain ;
“ For shame, never wear a mantle, nor a knightly
robe again !
“ I fight upon this plea without more ado ;
“ The daughters of the Cid were worthier far
than you.
“ Before the combat part you shall avow it true,
“ And that you have been a traitor and a coward
too.”

Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt
these two.

Affur Gonzales was entering at the door
With his ermine mantle trailing along the floor ;
With his fauntering pace and his hardy look,
Of manners or of courtesy little heed he took :
He was flush’d and hot with breakfast and with
drink.

- “ What ho, my masters, your spirits seem to sink !
“ Have we no news stirring from the Cid Ruy
Diaz of Bivar ?
“ Has he been to Riodivirna to besiege the
windmills there ?
“ Does he tax the millers for their toll, or is
that practice past ?
“ Will he make a match for his daughters another
like the last ?”

Munio Gustioz rose and made reply :

- “ Traitor ! wilt thou never cease to slander and
to lie ?

**" You breakfast before mass, you drink before you
pray :**

**" There is no honour in your heart, nor truth in
what you say ;**

**" You cheat your comrade and your Lord, you
flatter to betray :**

" Your hatred I despise, your friendship I defy.

" False to all mankind, and most to God on high.

**" I shall force you to confess that what I say is
true."**

**Thus was ended the parley and challenge betwixt
these two.**






ARGUMENT.

The King suppresses all further altercation, and declares that those only who have already challenged shall be permitted to fight. The time and place are fixed. The Cid being obliged to return to Valencia, leaves his Champions under the protection of the King. The Cid takes leave of the King. At the end of three weeks the combat is fought, and the three Champions of the Cid are victorious.

* * * * *

“ CRAVE your favour, My Lord the King, since things are settled so ;
“ I have business at Valencia, and thither I must go.

“ Before the town was conquer'd it cost me pains enow.”

The King lift up his hand, made a cross upon his brow :

“ I swear by St. Isidro, the patron of Leon,

“ In all my realm beside there is not such a good baron.”

The Cid leapt on his steed and rode him round the course,

He came up to the King and proffer'd him the horse—

" 'Tis the noble Babicca that is famed for speed
and force,

" Among the Christians nor the Moors there is
not such another one ;

" My Sovereign Lord and Sire, he is fit for you
alone :

" Give orders to your people, and take him for your
own."

The King replied, " It cannot be ; Cid, you shall
keep your horse,

" He must not leave his master, nor change him for
a worse ;

" Our kingdom has been honour'd by you and by
your steed,

" The man that would take him from you evil may
he speed.

" A courser such as he is fit for such a knight,

" To beat down Moors in battle, and follow them
in flight."

Now they have taken leave, and broken up the
Court,

The Cid goes with his champions to advise them
and exhort :

" You, Martin Antolinez, and Pero Bermuez, you,

" And you, Munio Gustioz, be valiant men and
true :

" When I am gone to Valencia let me have good
tidings there."

Martin Antolinez replied, " Sir, what needs this
care ?

"We are pledged in your behalf, we must do our best endeavour ;

"You may hear that we are dead but defeated never."

The Cid was joyful at the words, and quitted them anon ;

He has taken leave of all his friends, and shortly he is gone.

The Cid goes to Valencia, the King to Carrion. Three weeks had been appointed, and now they are past away,

The champions of the Cid are ready at the day : They are ready in the field to defend their master's right,

The noble King is with them, to protect them with his might.

They waited in the place for two days and a night, Behold the Lords of Carrion where they appear in fight :

They are coming with an host of their kindred and their clan,

With horses and with arms, and many a valiant man ;

If they could meet with them apart, or take them unaware,

In dishonour of the Cid to have slain his champions there.

The thought was foul and evil, but yet they did not dare,

For fear of the King Alfonso that had them in his care.

That night they watch'd their arms, and past the
hours in prayer ;
The night is past and over, the day begins to break ;
Great was the throng of folk who, for that battle's
sake,
Flock'd in on every side, assembled for the fight,
And many a man of arms and many a wealthy
knight.
There is the King Alfonso with all his power and
might,
To keep down force and wrong, and to defend the
right.
The champions of the Cid are all of good accord,
They are arming themselves together, like vassals
of one Lord.
The Infants of Carrion are arming themselves
apart,
Count Garcia sits advising them, and keeps them
in good heart.
They bring a plea before the King, and they pre-
tend a right,
That those two trenchant swords should not be
used in fight,
The swords Colada and Fizon, which the Cid's
champions wore ;
They repent of their imprudence when they gave
them up before.
They were earnest in their plea, but they could
not succeed ;
“ You might have kept them for yourselves to
serve you in your need ;

" If you have other good ones, make use of them instead.

" Infants of Carrion ! Hear me and take heed :

" You must approve your honour by some manly deed.

" Go forth into the field, and show a valiant heart,

" For nothing will be wanting upon the Champions' part.

" If you are conquerors in the fight you will purchase great renown,

" If you are beaten and disgraced, the fault will be your own,

" For this business was your seeking, as has been seen and shown."

The Infants of Carrion are beginning to repent ;

The Lordship of Carrion with its honours and its rent,

Its mansion and its lands, they would have given all,
Could they command the past, to redeem it and recal.

The Champions of the Cid, clad in their war-like weed,

The King is gone to see them and wish them well to speed.

" Sir, we kiss your hands as our good Lord and sire,

" To have you judge and umpire is all that we require.

" Defend us in all right, assist us not in wrong ;

" The friends of the Lords of Carrion are numerous and strong,

"We cannot guess their counsels, nor how they will behave.

"To the good Cid, our master, the promise that you gave,

"To defend us and protect us, this, Sir, is all we crave,

"So long as right and justice are found upon our part."

"That will I," said the King, "with all my soul and heart."

Their horses are brought up to them, couriers strong and fleet,

They sign their saddles with the cross, and leap into the seat;

Their shields are hanging at their necks with bosses broad and sheen,

They take their lances in their hands, the points are bright and keen,

A pennon at each lance, the staves were large and stout,

And many a valiant man encompass'd them about.

They rode forth to the field where the barriers were set out.

The Champions of the Cid are agreed upon their plan,

To fight as they had challenged, and each to charge his man.

There come the Lords of Carrion with their kindred and their clan;

The King has appointed heralds for avoiding all debate,

He spoke aloud amongst them in the field there
where they fate.

“ Infants of Carrion ! Attend to what I say :

“ You should have fought this battle upon a
former day,

“ When we were at Toledo, but you would not
agree ;

“ And now the noble Cid has sent these Cham-
pions three,

“ To fight in the lands of Carrion, escorted here
by me.

“ Be valiant in your right, attempt no force or
wrong ;

“ If any man attempt it he shall not triumph long :

“ He never shall have rest or peace within my
kingdom more.”

The Infants of Carrion are now repenting fore ;
The heralds and the King are foremost in the place,
They clear away the people from the middle space :
They measure out the lists, the barriers they fix :
They point them out in order, and explain to all the
fix :

“ If you are forced beyond the line where they are
fixt and traced,

“ You shall be held as conquer’d, and beaten and
disgraced.”

Six lances’ length on either side an open space is
laid,

They share the field between them, the sunshine
and the shade.

Their office is perform'd, and from the middle
space,
The heralds are withdrawn, and leave them face
to face.
Here stood the warriors of the Cid, that noble
champion,
Opposite on the other side, the Lords of Carriqn.
Earnestly their minds are fixt each upon his foe ;
Face to face they take their place ; anon the
trumpets blow.
They stir their horses with the spur, they lay their
lances low,
They bend their shields before their breasts, their
face to the saddle bow.
Earnestly their minds are fixt each upon his foe.
The heavens are overcast above, the earth
trembles below,
The people stand in silence, gazing on the show :
Bermuez the first challenger first in combat closed,
He met Ferran Gonzales, face to face opposed ;
They rush together with such rage that all men
count them dead,
They strike each other on the shield, without all
fear or dread.
Ferran Gonzales with his lance pierced the shield
outright,
It past Bermuez on the left side, in his flesh it
did not bite.
The spear was snapt in twain, Bermuez at
upright

He neither flinch'd nor swerved, like a true stedfast knight.

A good stroke he received, but a better he has given ;

He struck the shield upon the boss, in funder it is riven,

Onward into Ferran's breast the lance's point is driven,

Full upon his breastplate, nothing would avail ;

Two breastplates Fernando wore and a coat of mail :

The two are riven in funder, the third stood him in stead,

The mail sunk in his breast, the mail and the spear head,

The blood burst from his mouth that all men thought him dead.

The blow has broken his girdle and his saddle girth,

It has taken him over his horse's back, and borne him to the earth.

The people think him dead as he lies on the sand ;

Bermuez left his lance and took his sword in hand.

Ferran Gonzales knew the blade which he had worn of old,

Before the blow came down, he yielded and cried,
" hold ! "

Antolinez and Diego encounter'd man for man,

Their spears were shiver'd with the shock, so eagerly they ran.

Antolinez drew forth the blade which Diego once
had worn,
Eagerly he aim'd the blow for the vengeance he
had sworn.
Right through Diego's helm the blade its edge
has borne,
The crest and helm are lopt away, the coif and hair
are shorn.
He stood astounded with the stroke, trembling and
forlorn,
He waved his sword above his head, he made a
piteous cry,
"O save me, save me from that blade, Almighty
Lord on high!"
Antolinez came fiercely on to reach the fatal
stroke,
Diego's courser rear'd upright, and through the
barrier broke.
Antolinez has won the day, though his blow he
miss'd,
He has driven Diego from the field, and stands
within the list.
I must tell you of Munio Gustioz, two combats
now are done;
How he fought with Assur Gonzales, you shall
hear anon.
Assur Gonzales, a fierce and hardy knight,
He rode at Munio Gustioz with all his force and
might;
He struck the shield and pierced it through, but
the point came wide,

It pass'd by Munio Gustioz, betwixt his arm and
side :

Sternly, like a practis'd knight, Munio met him
there.

His lance he levell'd steadfastly, and through the
shield him bare ;

He bore the point into his breast, a little beside
the heart ;

It took him through the body, but in no mortal
part ;

The shaft stood out behind his back a cloth-yard
and more ;

The pennon and the point were dripping down
with gore.

Munio still clench'd his spear, as he pass'd he forced
it round,

He wrench'd him from the saddle, and cast him
to the ground.

His horse sprung forward with the spur, he pluck'd
the spear away,

He wheel'd and came again to pierce him where
he lay.

Then cried Gonzalo Afurez, " For God's sake
spare my Son !

" The other two have yielded, the field is fought
and won."*

* " Part of the story of the Lords of Carrion, in the
" poem of the Cid, has been translated by Mr. Frere in a
" manner above all praise."—MACAULAY, *Lays of Ancient
Rome*, 1842, Preface, p. 36.





ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY.



"Against this warlike prince (Athelstan) a confederacy
 "was formed by the Britons who occupied the western
 "coast, by the Scots, and by the Danish inhabitants of the
 "eastern coast from the Thames to the Tweed, aided by
 "adventurers of the same race from Ireland, and by crowds
 "of freebooters from Scandinavia. These he completely
 "routed at a place called Brunnanburgh, of which the
 "situation is unknown. His victory was celebrated in an
 "Anglo-Saxon poem, still extant, the earliest of the few
 "metrical materials for English history; the remembrance
 "of which has been preserved by the renown of the battle
 "in the legends of the defeated Scandinavians. By the
 "Saxon annalists it was adopted as a literal statement of
 "fact; and Latin versions of it were inscribed in the
 "writings of the Anglo-Norman historians. A translation
 "made by a schoolboy in the eighteenth century into the
 "English of the fourteenth, is a double imitation, un-
 "matched perhaps in literary history; in which the author
 "gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar
 "genius, and preserving the characteristic manner of his
 "original, which, though the specimens of it are too few,
 "places him alone among English translators."—SIR
 JAMES MACKINTOSH, *History of England* (Lond. 1853),
 vol. i. pp. 52, 53.

"I have only met, in my researches into these matters,
 "with one poem which, if it had been produced as
 "ancient, could not have been detected on internal
 "evidence. It is the War-Song upon the Victory at
 "Brunnanburg, translated from the Anglo-Saxon into
 "Anglo-Norman by the Right Hon. John Hookham
 "Frere. The accomplished Editor [Ellis] tells us, that
 "this very singular poem was intended as an imitation of
 "the style and language of the fourteenth century, and
 "was written during the controversy occasioned by the
 "poems attributed to Rowley. Mr. Ellis adds: 'The
 "reader will probably hear with some surprise, that this
 "'singular instance of critical ingenuity was the composition
 "'of an Eton schoolboy.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Essay
 on Imitations of the Ancient Ballad* (1830).



METRICAL VERSION OF AN ODE
ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY.

*From the Saxon.**



HE mightiest of alle manne,
Was the gude kinge Athelstan,
Alle his knytis to hir medis
Weren riche and ryal wedis.

Edmond his brother, was a Knyt
Comelich, brave, and fair to fyht.
At Brunenbruc in stour they faught;
Fiercer fray was never wraught.
Maille was split, and helmis roven,
The wall of shieldis down they cloven:
The Thanis which cold with Edmond fare
To meet the fomen well were yare.
For it was comen to hem of kynde
Hir londis and trefours to fend.

* [ELLIS' *Specimens of English Poetry*, Lond. 1801, vol.
i. pp. 32—34. For the original see ELLIS, *ubi supra*, pp.
14—31.]

The Kempis, whych was of Irland,
 On ilka daie, on ilka strond,
 Weted with blude, and wounded, fell
 Rapely smatin with the stell.
 Grislich on the grund they groned ;
 Aboven, alle the hyls resounded.
 What for labouir, and what for hete,
 The Kempis swate til they wer wete.
 From morrow til the clofe of day,
 Was the tyme of that journée.

Monie mon from Dacie sprong
 The deth tholid, I underfong.
 The Scottis fell in that bataille,
 Whyche wer forwerid of travaille.
 The West Saxonis wer ware,
 When their foen away wold fare ;
 As they fled they did hem fewe
 Wyth ghazand swardis, that wel couth hew.
 The cokins they n' olden staie,
 For thir douten of that fraye.
 The Mercians fought, I understond ;
 There was gamen of the hond.
 Alle that with Anlaff hir way nom,
 Over the seas in the shippes wome,
 And the five sonnes of the kynge,
 Fel mid dint of sward-fightinge.
 His seven erlis died alswo ;
 Many Scottes wer killed tho.
 The Normannes, for their migty boft,

Went hame with a lytyl hof,
The Kynge and frode fyked fore
For hir kempis whyche wer forlore.
The Kynge and frode to schyppe gan flee,
Wyth mickel hafte, but hir meguie.
Constantine gude, and Anlaff,
Lytyl boft hadde of the laif.
Maie he nat glosen, ne faie
But he was right wel appaie.
In Dacie of that gaming
Monie wemen hir hondis wring.
The Normannes passed that rivere,
Mid hevy hart, and sory chere.
The brothers to Wesslex yode;
Leving the crowen, and the tode,
Hawkes, doggis, and wolves tho;
Egles, and monie other mo,
With the ded men for their mede
On hir corfes for to fede.

Sen the Saxonis first come
In schippes over the sea-foine,
Of the yeres that ben forgone,
Greater bataile was never none.

CANNING.*



WHILE sister arts in rivalry combine
 For CANNING's honour—Sculpture
 and Design—
 Verse claims her portion ; a memorial
 line

Such as he loved ; and fittest to rehearse
 His merit and his praises—Truth in verse.
 The pride of Honour, and the love of Truth,
 Adorn'd his age, and dignified his youth.
 Approved through life, and tried with every test,
 In power, in favour, in disgrace, confess
 The first of his coevals, and the best.
 Ever the same, with wit correctly pure,
 Reason miraculously premature ;
 Vivid imagination ever new,
 Decision instantaneously true,
 An eager and precipitated power
 Of hasty thought, outstripping in an hour
 What tardier wits with toil of many a day
 Polish'd to less perfection by delay.—

* Printed in the *John Bull* Newspaper, April, 9, 1842.

By nature gifted with a power and skill
To charm the heart, and subjugate the will :—
Born with an ancient name of little worth,
And disinherited before his birth ;
A landless orphan—rank and wealth and pride
Were freely ranged around him ; nor denied
His clear precedence, and the warrant given
Of nobler rank—stamp'd by the hand of Heaven
In every form of genius and of grace,
In loftiness of thought, figure, and face.
Such CANNING was : and half a century past,
Such all the world beheld him to the last :
Admired of all, and by the best approved,
By those who best had known him best beloved ;
His Sovereign's support, the people's choice,
When Europe's balance trembled on the poise,
Call'd to command by their united voice ;
Fate snatch'd him from the applauding world ;
the first
Omen of Europe's danger, and the worst.

Malta, 1827.

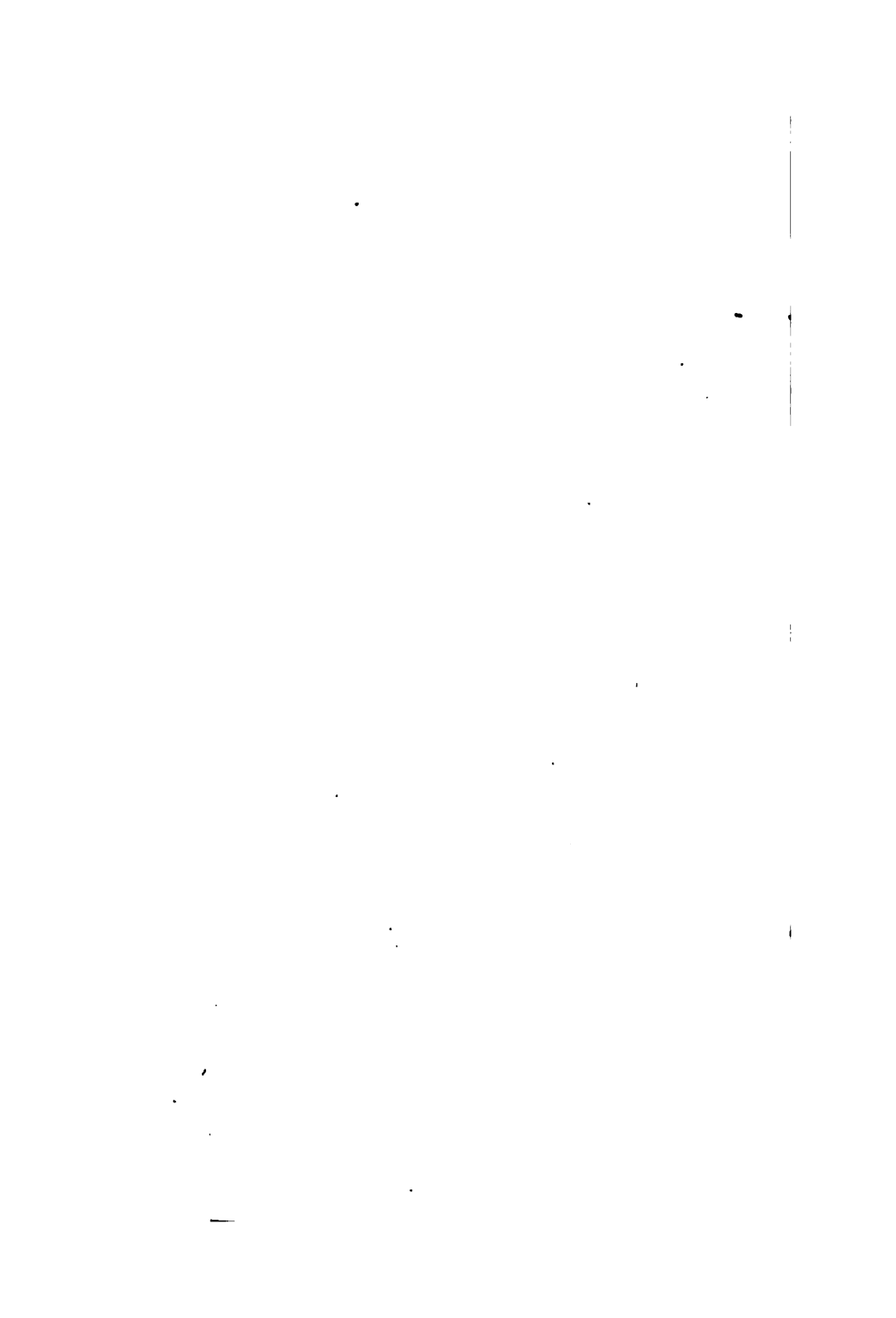






CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE
ANTI-JACOBIN.







THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

IN FORTY CANTOS, WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND

EXPLANATORY : CHIEFLY OF A PHILO-

SOPHICAL TENDENCY.

DEDICATED TO R. P. KNIGHT, ESQ.

CANTO FIRST.

CONTENTS.

The Subject proposed. Doubts and Waverings. Queries not to be answered. Formation of the stupendous Whole. Cosmogony; or the Creation of the World: the Devil—Man—Various Classes of Being: ANIMATED BEINGS—Birds—Fish—Beasts—the Influence of the Sexual Appetite—on Tigers—on Whales—on Crimpt Cod—on Perch—on Shrimps—on Oysters. Various Stations assigned to different Animals: Birds—Bears—Mackarel. Bears remarkable for their fur. Mackarel cried on a Sunday. Birds do not graze—nor Fishes fly—nor Beasts live in the Water. Plants equally contented with their lot: Potato—Cabbage—Lettuce—Leeks—Cucumbers. MAN only discontented—born a Savage; not choosin'g to continue so, becomes polished—resigns his

Liberty—Priest-craft—King-craft—Tyranny of Laws and Institutions. Savage Life—description thereof: The Savage free—roaming Woods—feeds on Hips and Haws—Animal Food—first notion of it from seeing a Tiger tearing his Prey—wonders if it is good—resolves to try—makes a Bow and Arrow—kills a Pig—resolves to roast a part of it—lights a Fire—APOSTROPHE to Fires—Spits and Jacks not yet invented. Digression. CORINTH—SHEFFIELD. Love the most natural desire after Food. Savage Courtship. Concubinage recommended. Satirical Reflexions on Parents and Children—Husbands and Wives—against collateral Consanguinity. FREEDOM the only Morality, &c. &c. &c.



WHETHER some great, supreme o'er-
ruling Power
Stretch'd forth its arm at nature's na-
tal hour,
Compos'd this mighty whole with plastic skill,¹
Wielding the jarring elements at will?
Or whether sprung from Chaos' mingling storm,
The mass of matter started into form?

¹ A modern author of great penetration and judgment, observes very shrewdly, that, "the Cosmogony of the world, has puzzled the philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the creation of the world? Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berofus, and Ocellus Lucanus, have all attempted it in vain. The latter has these words—*Anarchon ara kai ateleutaion to pan*—which imply, that, all things have neither beginning nor end." See Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield;" see also Mr. Knight's Poem on the "Progress of Civil Society."

Or Chance o'er earth's green lap spontaneous fling
 The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring ?
 Whether material substance unrefined,
 Owns the strong impulse of instinctive mind,
 Which to one centre points diverging lines,
 Confounds, refracts, invigorates, and combines ?¹
 Whether the joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
 By Man to God, or God to Man, were given ?²
 If virtue leads to bliss, or vice to woe ?
 Who rules above ? or who reside below ?³
 Vain questions all—shall Man presume to know ?
 On all these points, and points obscure as these,
 Think they who will,—and think whate'er they
 please !

Let us a plainer, steadier theme pursue—
 Mark the grim savage scoop his light canoe ;
 Mark the dark rook, on pendant branches hung,
 With anxious fondness feed her cawing young.—
 Mark the fell leopard through the desert prowl,
 Fish prey on fish, and fowl regale on fowl ;

¹ The influence of Mind upon Matter, comprehending the whole question of the Existence of Mind as independent of Matter, or as co-existent with it, and of Matter considered as an intelligent and self-dependent Essence, will make the subject of a larger Poem in 127 Books, now preparing under the *same* auspices.

² See Godwin's "Enquirer ;" Darwin's "Zoonomia ;" Paine ; Priestley, &c. &c. &c. ; also all the French Encyclopedists.

³ *Quæstio spinosa et contortula.*

How Lybian tigers' chawdrons¹ love affails,
And warms, midst seas of ice, the melting
whales ;²—

Cools the crimp cod, fierce pangs to perch imparts,
Shrinks shrivell'd shrimps, but opens oysters'
hearts ;³—

They say, how all these things together tend
To one great truth, prime object, and good end ?

First—to each living thing, whate'er its kind,
Some lot, some part, some station is assign'd.
The feather'd race⁴ with pinions skim the air—
Not so the mackarel,⁵ and still less the bear :
This roams the *wood*,⁶ carnivorous, for his prey ;
That with soft roe,⁷ pursues his *watery* way :—
This slain by hunters yields his shaggy hide ;⁸
That, caught by fishers, is on *Sundays* cried.⁹—

¹ " Add thereto a tiger's chawdron."—*Macbeth*.

² " In softer notes bids Lybian lions roar,

" And warms the whale on Zembla's frozen shore."

Progress of Civil Society, Book I. ver. 98.

³ " An oyster may be cross'd in love."—Mr. Sheridan's
" Critic."

⁴ Birds fly.

⁵ But neither fish, nor beasts—particularly as here exemplified.

⁶ The bear.

⁷ The mackarel—There are also *hard-roed* mackarel.
Sed de his alio loco.

⁸ Bear's *grease*, or *fat*, is also in great request ; being supposed to have a *criniparous*, or hair-producing quality.

⁹ There is a special Act of Parliament which permits mackarel to be cried on Sundays.

But each contented with his humble sphere,¹
 Moves unambitious through the circling year ;
 Nor e'er forgets the fortune of his race,
 Nor pines to quit, or strives to change his place.
 Ah ! who has seen the mailed lobster rise,
 Clap her broad wings, and soaring claim the skies ?
 When did the owl, descending from her bower,
 Crop, 'midst the fleecy flocks, the tender flower ;
 Or the young heifer plunge, with pliant limb,
 In the salt wave,² and fish-like strive to swim ?

The same with plants³—potatoes 'tatoes breed⁴—
 Uncostly cabbage springs from cabbage seed ;
 Lettuce to lettuce, leeks to leeks succeed ;
 Nor e'er did cooling cucumbers perfume
 To flower-like myrtle, or like violets bloom.
 —Man, only,—rash, refined, presumptuous Man,
 Starts from his rank, and mars creation's plan.

¹ Every animal contented with the lot which it has drawn in life. A fine contrast to man, who is always discontented.

² *Salt wave*—wave of the sea—"briny wave."—Poetæ passim.

³ A still stronger contrast, and a greater shame to man, is found in plants ;—they are contented—he restless and changing. *Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete est.*

⁴ *Potatoes 'tatoes breed.* Elision for the sake of verse, not meant to imply that the root degenerates. Not so with Man—

Mox daturus
 Progeniem vitiosorem.

Born the free heir of nature's wide domain,
 To art's strict limits bounds his narrow'd reign ;
 Resigns his native rights for meaner things,
 For Faith and Fetters—Laws, and Priests, and
 Kings.

THE Specimen of the Poem on "the Progress of Man," with which we favoured our Readers in our last Number, has occasioned a variety of letters, which we confess have not a little surprised us, from the unfounded and even contradictory charges they contain. In one, we are accused of malevolence, in bringing back to notice a work that had been quietly consigned to oblivion ;—in another, of plagiarism, in copying its most beautiful passages ;—in a third, of vanity, in striving to imitate what was in itself inimitable, &c. &c. But why this alarm? has the author of the *Progress of Civil Society* an exclusive patent for fabricating *Didactic* poems? or can we not write against order and government, without incurring the guilt of imitation? We trust we were not so ignorant of the nature of a didactic poem (so called from *didaskēin*, to teach, and *poema*, a poem; because it teaches nothing, and is not poetical) even before the *Progress of*

Civil Society appeared, but that we were capable of such an undertaking.

We shall only say further, that we do not intend to proceed regularly with our poem; but having the remaining thirty-nine Cantos by us, shall content ourselves with giving, from time to time, such extracts as may happen to suit our purpose.

The following passage, which, as the Reader will see by turning to the Contents prefixed to the head of the Poem, is part of the First Canto, contains so happy a deduction of Man's present state of depravity, from the first slips and failings of his original state, and inculcates so forcibly the mischievous consequences of *social* or *civilized*, as opposed to *natural* society, that no dread of imputed imitation can prevent us from giving it to our Readers.



O ! the rude savage, free from civil strife¹
Keeps the smooth tenour of his guilt-
less life ;²
Refrain'd by none, save Nature's le-
nient laws,
Quaffs the clear stream, and feeds on hips and haws.
Light to his daily sports behold him rise !
The bloodless banquet health and strength supplies.

¹ Simple state of savage life—previous to the pastoral, or even the hunter state.

² First savages disciples of Pythagoras.

Bloodless not long—one morn he haps to stray¹
 Thro' the lone wood—and close beside the way
 Sees the gaunt tiger tear his trembling prey ;
 Beneath whose gory fangs a leveret bleeds,
 Or pig—such pig as fertile China breeds.²

Struck with the sight the wond'ring Savage
 stands,
 Rolls his broad eyes, and clasps his lifted hands ;
 Then restless roams—and loathes his wonted food ;
 Shuns the salubrious stream, and thirsts for blood.

By thought matured, and quicken'd by desire,³
 New arts, new arms, his wayward wants require.
 From the tough yew a slender branch he tears,
 With self-taught skill the twisted grafs prepares ;⁴
 The unfashion'd bow with labouring efforts bends
 In circling form, and joins the unwilling ends.
 Next some tall reed he seeks—with sharp-edged
 stone
 Shapes the fell dart, and points with whiten'd
 bone.⁵

¹ Desire of animal food natural only to beasts, or to man in a state of civilized society. First suggested by the circumstance here related.

² Pigs of the Chinese breed most in request.

³ First formation of a bow. Introduction to the science of archery.

⁴ Grafs twisted, used for a string, owing to the want of other materials not yet invented.

⁵ Bone—fish's bone found on the sea-shore, shark's teeth, &c. &c.

Then forth he fares. Around in careless play,
 Kids, pigs, and lambkins unsuspecting stray.
 With grim delight he views the sportive band,
 Intent on blood, and lifts his murderous hand :
 Twangs the bent bow—refounds the fateful dart,
 Swift-wing'd, and trembles in a porker's heart.

Ah ! hapless porker ! what can now avail¹
 Thy back's stiff bristles, or thy curly tail ?
 Ah ! what avail those eyes so small and round,
 Long pendant ears, and snout that loves the
 ground ?²

Not unrevenged thou diest !—In after times³
 From thy spilt blood shall spring unnumber'd
 crimes.
 Soon shall the slaughterous arms that wrought
 thy woe,
 Improved by malice, deal a deadlier blow ;
 When *social* Man⁴ shall pant for nobler game,
 And 'gainst his fellow man the vengeful weapon
 aim.

¹ Ah ! what avails, &c.—See Pope's Description of the Death of a Pheasant.

² "With leaden eye that loves the ground."

³ The first effusion of blood attended with the most dreadful consequences to mankind.

⁴ *Social* Man's wickedness opposed to the simplicity of savage life.

As love, as gold, as jealousy inspires
As wrathful hate, or wild ambition fires,¹
Urged by the statesman's craft, the tyrant's rage,
Embattled nations endless wars shall wage,
Vast seas of blood the ravaged field shall stain,
And millions perish, that a *King* may reign !

For blood once shed, new wants and wishes rise ;
Each rising want invention quick supplies.
To roast his victuals is Man's next desire,
So two dry sticks he rubs, and lights a fire ;²
Hail fire, &c. &c.

¹ Different causes of war among men.

² Invention of fire—first employed in cookery, and produced by rubbing dry sticks together.





WE premised in our Sixteenth Number, that though we should not proceed regularly with the publication of the Didactic Poem, the PROGRESS OF MAN,—a work which, indeed, both from its bulk, and the erudite nature of the subject, would hardly suit with the purposes of a Weekly Paper ;—we should, nevertheless, give, from time to time, such extracts from it, as we thought were likely to be useful to our Readers, and as were in any degree connected with the topics or events of the times.

The following Extract is from the 23rd Canto of this admirable and instructive Poem ;—in which the Author (whom, by a series of accidents, which we have neither the space, nor indeed the liberty, to enumerate at present, we have discovered to be Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*), describes the vicious refinement of what is called Civilized Society, in respect to Marriage ; contends with infinite spirit and philosophy against the factitious sacredness and indissolubility of

that institution; and paints in glowing colours the happiness and utility (in a moral as well as political view) of an arrangement of an opposite sort, such as prevails in countries which are yet under the influence of pure and unsophisticated nature.

In illustration of his principles upon this subject, the Author alludes to a popular production of the German Drama, the title of which is the "REFORMED HOUSEKEEPER," which he expresses a hope of seeing transfused into the language of this country.

CANTO TWENTY-THIRD.

CONTENTS.

ON MARRIAGE.

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—*Diffolubility of MARRIAGE recommended—Illustrated by a Game at Cards—Whist—Cribbage—Partners changed—Why not the same in Marriage? Illustrated by a River. Love free. Priests, Kings. German Drama.—KOTZEBUR's "Housekeeper Reformed."* *Moral Employments of Housekeeping described. Hottentots sit and stare at each other—Query WHY! Address to the Hottentots. History of the Cape of Good Hope. Résumé of the Arguments against Marriage. Conclusion.*

EXTRACT.



HAIL ! beauteous lands¹ that crown the
Southern Seas ;
Dear happy seats of Liberty and Ease !
Hail ! whose green coasts the peaceful
ocean laves,
Incessant washing with his watery waves !
Delicious islands ! to whose envied shore
Thee, gallant Cook ! the ship Endeavour² bore.

There laughs the sky, there zephyr's frolic train,
And light-wing'd loves, and blameless pleasures
reign :

¹ The ceremony of invocation (in Didactic Poems especially) is in some measure analogous to the custom of drinking toasts: the corporeal representatives of which are always supposed to be absent, and unconscious of the irrigation bestowed upon their names. Hence it is, that our Author addresses himself to the natives of an island who are not likely to hear, and who, if they did, would not understand him.

² His Majesty's ship Endeavour.

There, when two souls congenial ties unite,
 No hireling *Bonzes* chant the mystic rite ;
 Free every thought, each action unconfined,
 And light those fetters which no rivets bind.

There in each grove, each sloping bank along,
 And flowers and shrubs and odorous herbs among,
 Each shepherd¹ clasp'd, with undisguised delight,
 His yielding fair one,—in the Captain's fight ;
 Each yielding fair, as chance or fancy led,
 Preferr'd new lovers to her sylvan bed.

Learn hence, each nymph, whose free aspiring
 mind
 Europe's cold laws,² and colder customs³ bind—
 O ! learn, what Nature's genial laws decree—
 What Otaheite⁴ is, let Britain be !

* * * * *

¹ In justice to our author we must observe, that there is a delicacy in this picture, which the words, in their common acceptation, do not convey. The amours of an English shepherd would probably be preparatory to marriage (which is contrary to our Author's principles), or they might disgust us by the vulgarity of their object. But in Otaheite, where the place of shepherd is a perfect sinecure (there being no sheep on the island) the mind of the reader is not offended by any disagreeable allusion.

² Laws made by Parliaments, or Kings.

³ Customs voted or imposed by ditto, not the customs here alluded to.

⁴ M. Bailly and other astronomers have observed, that

Of WHIST or CRIBBAGE mark the amusing
game—

The partners *changing*, but the SPORT the *same*.
Else would the Gamester's anxious ardour cool,
Dull every deal, and stagnant every pool.
—Yet must *one*¹ Man, with one unceasing Wife,
Play the LONG RUBBER of connubial life.

Yes ! human laws, and laws esteem'd divine,
The generous passion straiten and confine ;
And, as a stream, when art constrains its course,
Pours its fierce torrent with augmented force,
So, Passion² narrow'd to one channel small,
Unlike the former, does not flow at all.
—For Love *then* only flaps his purple wings,
When uncontroll'd by Priestcraft or by Kings.

in consequence of the varying obliquity of the Ecliptic, the climates of the circumpolar and tropical climates may, in process of time, be materially changed. Perhaps it is not very likely that even by these means Britain may ever become a small island in the South Seas. But this is not the meaning of the verse—the similarity here proposed, relates to manners, not to local situation.

¹ The word *one* here, means all the inhabitants of Europe (excepting the French, who have remedied this inconvenience), not any particular individual. The Author begs leave to disclaim every allusion that can be construed as personal.

² As a stream—simile of dissimilitude, a mode of illustration familiar to the ancients.

Such the strict rules that, in these barbarous
climes,
Choke youth's fair flowers, and feelings turn to
crimes :
And people every walk of polish'd life,¹
With that two-headed monster, MAN and WIFE.

Yet bright examples sometimes we observe,
Which from the general practice seem to swerve ;
Such as presented to Germania's² view,
A Kotzebue's bold emphatic pencil drew ;
Such as translated in some future age,
Shall add new glories to the British stage ;
—While the moved audience sit in dumb despair
“ Like Hottentots,³ and at each other stare.”

With look sedate, and staid beyond her years,
In matron weeds a *Housekeeper* appears.
The jingling keys her comely girdle deck—
Her 'kerchief colour'd, and her apron *check*.
Can that be Adelaide, that “ soul of whim,”
Reform'd in practice, and in manner prim ?

¹ Walks of polished life, see “ Kensington Gardens,” a poem.

² Germania—Germany ; a country in Europe, peopled by the Germani ; alluded to in Cæsar's Commentaries, page 1. Vol. 2. edit. prin.—See also several Didactic Poems.

³ A beautiful figure of German literature. The Hottentots remarkable for staring at each other—God knows why.

—On household cares intent,¹ with many a sigh
She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie ;
Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham ;
From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam ;
Bids brandied cherries,² by infusion flow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
Sole cordial of her heart, sole solace of her woe !
While still, responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan fimmers in a softer tone.

* * * * *

¹ This delightful and instructive picture of domestic life, is recommended to all keepers of Boarding Schools, and other seminaries of the same nature.

² It is a singular quality of brandied cherries, that they exchange their flavour for that of the liquor in which they are immersed.—*See Knight's Progress of Civil Society.*





THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

WE cannot better explain to our Readers the design of the Poem from which the following Extracts are taken, than by borrowing the expressions of the Author, Mr. HIGGINS, of *St. Mary Axe*, in the letter which accompanied the manuscript.

We must premise, that we had found ourselves called upon to remonstrate with Mr. H. on the freedom of some of the positions laid down in his other Didactic Poem, the *PROGRESS OF MAN* ; and had in the course of our remonstrance, hinted something to the disadvantage of the *new principles* which are now afloat in the world ; and which are, in our opinion, working to much prejudice to the happiness of mankind. To this, Mr. H. takes occasion to reply—

“ What you call the *new principles*, are, in fact, nothing less than *new*. They are the principles of primeval nature, the system of original and unadulterated man.

“ If you mean by my addition to *new principles*, that the object which I have in view in
“ my larger Work (meaning the PROGRESS OF
“ MAN) and in the several other *concomitant* and
“ *subsidiary* Didactic Poems which are necessary
“ to complete my plan, is to restore this first, and
“ pure simplicity; to rescue and recover the in-
“ teresting nakedness of human nature, by ridding
“ her of the cumbrous establishments which the
“ folly, and pride, and self-interest of the worst
“ part of our species have heaped upon her;—
“ you are right.—Such is my object. I do not
“ disavow it. Nor is it mine alone. There are
“ abundance of abler hands at work upon it. *En-*
“ *cyclopedias, Treatises, Novels, Magazines, Re-*
“ *views, and New Annual Registers*, have; as you
“ are well aware, done their part with activity,
“ and with effect. It remained to bring the *heavy*
“ artillery of a Didactic Poem, to bear upon the
“ same object.

“ If I have selected your Paper as the channel
“ for conveying my labours to the Public, it was
“ not because I was unaware of the hostility of
“ your principles to mine, of the bigotry of your
“ attachment to ‘ things as they are:’—but be-
“ cause, I will fairly own, I found some sort of
“ cover and disguise necessary for securing the fa-
“ vorable reception of my sentiments; the usual
“ pretexts of humanity and philanthropy, and fine
“ feeling, by which we have for some time ob-

"tained a passport to the hearts and understand-
 "ings of men, being now worn out, or exploded.
 "I could not choofe but fmile at my fucces in
 "the firft instance in inducing *you* to adopt my
 "Poem as your own.

"But you have called for an explanation of
 "theſe principles of ours, and you have a right
 "to obtain it. Our firft principle is, then—the
 "reverse of the trite and dull maxim of Pope—
 "'*Whatever is, is right.*' We contend, that
 "'*Whatever is, is wrong:*'—that Inſtitutions
 "civil and religious, that Social Order, (as it is
 "called in *your cant*) and regular Government,
 "and Law, and I know not what other fantaſtic
 "inventions, are but ſo many cramps and fetters
 "on the free agency of man's *natural intellect* and
 "*moral ſenſibility*; ſo many badges of his degra-
 "dation from the primal purity and excellence of
 "his nature.

"Our ſecond principle is the '*eternal and ab-*
 "*ſolute Perfeetibility of Man.*' We contend, that
 "if, as is demonſtrable, we have riſen from a
 "level with the *cabbages of the field* to our preſent
 "comparatively intelligent and dignified ſtate of
 "exiſtence, by the mere exertion of our own
 "*energies*; we ſhould, if theſe *energies* were not
 "repreſſed and ſubdued by the operation of pre-
 "judice, and folly, by KING-CRAFT and PRIEST-
 "CRAFT, and the other evils incident to what
 "is called Civilized Society, continue to exert

“ and expand ourselves in a proportion infinitely
“ greater than any thing of which we yet have
“ any notion : in a *ratio* hardly capable of being
“ calculated by any science of which we are now
“ masters ; but which would in time raise Man
“ from his present biped state to a rank more
“ worthy of his endowments and aspirations ; to
“ a rank in which he would be, as it were, *all*
“ MIND ; would enjoy unclouded perspicacity
“ and perpetual vitality ; feed on *Oxygene*, and
“ never die, but *by his own consent*.

“ But though the Poem of the PROGRESS OF
“ MAN, alone would be sufficient to teach this
“ system, and enforce these doctrines ; the whole
“ practical effect of them cannot be expected to be
“ produced, but by the gradual perfecting of each
“ of the sublimer sciences ;—at the husk and shell
“ of which we are now nibbling, and at the kernel
“ whereof, in our present state, we cannot hope
“ to arrive. These several Sciences will be the
“ subjects of the several *auxiliary* DIDACTIC
“ POEMS which I have now in hand (one of
“ which, entitled THE LOVES OF THE TRI-
“ ANGLES, I herewith transmit to you) and for
“ the better arrangement and execution of which,
“ I beseech you to direct your Bookseller to fur-
“ nish me with a handsome Chambers’s Dic-
“ tionary ; in order that I may be enabled to go
“ through the several articles alphabetically, be-
“ ginning with *Abracadabra*, under the first letter,

“and going down to *Zodiac*, which is to be found under the last.

“I am persuaded that there is no Science, however abstruse, nay, no Trade or Manufacture, which may not be taught by a Didactic Poem. In that before you, an attempt is made (not unsuccessfully I hope) to *enlist the Imagination under the banners of Geometry*. Botany I found done to my hands. And though the more rigid and unbending stiffness of a mathematical subject does not admit of the same appeals to the warmer passions, which naturally arise out of the *sexual* (or, as I have heard several worthy Gentlemen of my acquaintance, who delight much in the Poem to which I allude, term it, by a slight misnomer no way difficult to be accounted for—the *sensual*) system of Linnæus;—yet I trust that the range and variety of illustration with which I have endeavoured to ornament and enlighten the arid truths of Euclid and Algebra, will be found to have smoothed the road of Demonstration, to have softened the rugged features of Elementary Propositions, and, as it were, to have strewed the *Asses' Bridge* with flowers.”

Such is the account which Mr. HIGGINS gives of his own undertaking, and of the motives which have led him to it. For our parts, though we have not the same sanguine persuasion of the *absolute perfectibility* of our species, and are in truth

liable to the imputation of being more satisfied with *things as they are*, than Mr. HIGGINS and his Associates ;—yet, as we are in at least the same proportion, less convinced of the practical influence of Didactic Poems, we apprehend little danger to our Readers' morals, from laying before them Mr. HIGGINS's doctrine in its most fascinating shape. The Poem abounds, indeed, with beauties of the most striking kind—various and vivid imagery, bold and unsparing impersonifications ; similitudes and illustrations brought from the most ordinary and the most extraordinary occurrences of nature,—from history and fable,—appealing equally to the heart and to the understanding, and calculated to make the subject of which the Poem professes to treat, rather amusing than intelligible. We shall be agreeably surprised to hear that it has assisted any young Student, at either University, in his Mathematical Studies.

We need hardly add, that the Plates illustrative of this poem (the engravings of which would have been too expensive for our publication) are to be found in Euclid's Elements, and other books of a similar tendency.

THE LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES.

A MATHEMATICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL POEM.

INSCRIBED TO DR. DARWIN.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Warning to the Profane not to approach—Nymphs and Deities of Mathematical Mythology. Cyclois of a penfive turn—Pendulums, on the contrary, playful—and why? Sentimental union of the Naiads and Hydrostatics. Marriage of Euclid and Algebra. Pulley the emblem of Mechanics. Optics of a licentious Disposition—distinguished by her Telescope and Green Spectacles. Hyde Park Gate on a Sunday Morning—Cockneys—Coaches. Didactic Poetry—Nonsensia. Love delights in Angles or Corners. Theory of Fluxions explained—Trochais, the Nymph of the Wheel—Smoke-Jack described—Personification of elementary or culinary Fire. Little Jack Horner—Story of Cinderella. Rectangle, a Magician, educated by Plato and Menecmus—in love with Three Curves, at the same time—served by Gens, or Genii—transforms himself into a Cone—The Three Curves requite his Passion—description of them—Parabola, Hyperbola, and Ellipsis—Asymptotes—Conjugated Axes. Illustrations—Reubell, Barras, and Lepaux, the Three virtuous Directors—Macbeth and the Three Witches—The Three Fates—The Three Graces—King Lear and his Three Daughters—Derby Diligence—Catherine Wheel. Catastrophe of Mr. Gingham, with his Wife and Three Daughters overturned

in a One-Horse Chaise—Dislocation and Contusion, two kindred Fiends—Mail Coaches—Exhortation to Drivers to be careful. Genius of the Post Office—Invention of Letters—Digamma—Double Letters—remarkable Direction of one. Hippona the Goddess of Hack-horses—Parameter and Abscissa unite to overpower the Ordinate, who retreats down the Axis Major, and forms himself in a Square—Isoceles, a Giant—Dr. Rhomboides—Fifth Proposition, or Asses' Bridge—Bridge of Lodi—Buonaparte—Rast and Windmills. Exhortation to the recovery of our Freedom. Conclusion.



STAY your rude steps, or e'er your feet invade

The Muses' haunts, ye Sons of War and Trade !

Nor you, ye Legion Fiends of Church and Law,
Pollute these pages with unhallow'd paw !¹
Debased, corrupted, grovelling, and confined,
No DEFINITIONS² touch *your* senseless mind ;
To *you* no POSTULATES³ prefer their claim,
No ardent AXIOMS⁴ *your* dull souls inflame ;

¹ Imitated from the introductory couplet to the *ECONOMY OF VEGETATION*.

"Stay your rude steps, whose throbbing breasts infold
"The Legion Fiends of Glory and of Gold."

This sentiment is here expanded into four lines.

² *Definition*—A distinct notion explaining the Genesis of a thing—*Wolfius*.

³ *Postulates*—A self-evident proposition.

⁴ *Axiom*—An indemonstrable truth.

For *you* no TANGENTS¹ touch, no ANGLES meet,
No CIRCLES² join in osculation³ sweet !

For *me*, ye Cissoids,⁴ round my temples bend
Your wandering Curves ; ye CONCHOIDS⁵ extend ;
Let playful PENDULES quick vibration feel,
While silent CYCLOIS rests upon her wheel ;
Let HYDROSTATICS,⁶ simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on fantastic toe ;

¹ *Tangents*—So called from touching, because they touch Circles, and never cut them.

² *Circles*—See Chambers's Dictionary, Article Circle.

³ *Osculation*—For the *Osculation*, or kissing of Circles and other Curves, see Huygens, who has veiled this delicate and inflammatory subject in the decent obscurity of a learned language.

⁴ *Cissois*—A Curve supposed to resemble the sprig of ivy, from which it has its name, and therefore peculiarly adapted to poetry.

⁵ *Conchois*, or *Conchylis*—a most beautiful and picturesque Curve ; it bears a fanciful resemblance to a *Conch* shell. The Conchois is capable of infinite extension, and presents a striking analogy between the Animal and Mathematical Creation. Every individual of this species, containing within itself a series of *young* Conchoids for several generations, in the same manner as the Aphides, and other insect tribes, are observed to do.

⁶ *Hydrostatics*—Water has been supposed, by several of our philosophers, to be capable of the passion of Love.—Some later experiments appear to favour this idea.—Water, when pressed by a moderate degree of heat, has been observed to *simper*, or *simmer* (as it is more usually called.)—The same does not hold true of any other element.

Let shrill ACOUSTICS¹ tune the tiny lyre ;
 With EUCLID sage fair ALGEBRA² conspire ;
 The obedient pulley³ strong MECHANICS ply,
 And wanton OPTICS roll the melting eye !

I see the fair fantastic forms appear,
 The flaunting drapery and the languid leer ;
 Fair Sylphish forms⁴—who, tall, erect, and slim,
 Dart the keen glance, and stretch the length of
 limb ;
 To viewless harpings weave the meanless dance,
 Wave the gay wreath, and titter as they prance.

Such rich confusion⁵ charms the ravish'd sight,
 When vernal Sabbaths to the Park invite.
 Mounts the thick dust, the coaches crowd along,

¹ *Acoustics*—The doctrine or theory of sound.

² *Euclid and Algebra*—The loves and nuptials of these two interesting personages, forming a considerable Episode in the Third Canto, are purposely omitted here.

³ *Pulley*—So called from our Saxon word to *PULL*, signifying to pull or draw.

⁴ *Fair Sylphish forms*—Vide modern prints of nymphs and shepherds dancing to nothing at all.

⁵ *Such rich confusion*—Imitated from the following genteel and sprightly lines in the First Canto of the *LOVES OF THE PLANTS* :

So bright its folding canopy withdrawn,
 Glides the gilt landau o'er the velvet lawn,
 Of beaux and belles displays the glittering throng,
 And soft airs fan them as they glide along.

Presses round Grosvenor Gate the impatient throng;
 White-muslin'd misses and mammas are seen,
 Link'd with gay Cockneys glittering o'er the green:
 The rising breeze unnumber'd charms displays,
 And the tight ankle strikes the astonish'd gaze.

But chief, thou Nurse of the Didactic Muse,
 Divine NONSENSIA, all thy sense infuse;
 The charms of *Secants* and of *Tangents* tell,
 How Loves and Graces in an *Angle*¹ dwell;
 How slow progressive *Points*² protract the *Line*,

¹ *Angle*—Gratus puellæ risus ab Angulo.—Hor.

² *How slow progressive Points*—The Author has reserved the picturesque imagery which the *Theory of Fluxions* naturally suggested for his ALGEBRAIC GARDEN; where the *Fluents* are described as rolling with an even current between a margin of *Curves* of the higher order, over a pebbly channel, inlaid with *Differential Calculi*.

In the following six lines, he has confined himself to a strict explanation of the Theory, according to which Lines are supposed to be generated by the motion of Points;—Planes by the lateral motion of Lines;—and Solids from Planes, by a similar process.

Query—Whether a practical application of this Theory would not enable us to account for the Genesis, or original formation of Space itself, in the same manner in which Dr. Darwin has traced the whole of the organized creation to his Six Filaments—Vide ZOONOMIA. We may conceive the whole of our present Universe to have been originally concentrated in a single Point—We may conceive this Primeval Point, or *Punctum Salient* of the Universe, evolving

As pendant spiders spin the filmy twine ;
 How lengthen'd *Lines*, impetuous sweeping round,
 Spread the wide *Plane*, and mark its circling bound ;

itself by its own energies, to have moved forward in a right Line, *ad infinitum*, till it grew tired—After which, the right Line, which it had generated would begin to put itself in motion in a lateral direction, describing an Area of infinite extent. This Area, as soon as it became conscious of its own existence, would begin to ascend or descend, according as its specific gravity might determine it, forming an immense solid space filled with Vacuum, and capable of containing the present existing Universe.

Space being thus obtained, and presenting a suitable Nidus, or receptacle for the generation of Chaotic Matter, an immense deposit of it would gradually be accumulated :—After which, the Filament of *Fire* being produced in the Chaotic Mass, by an *Idiosyncrasy*, or self-formed habit, analogous to fermentation, *Explosion* would take place ; *Suns* would be shot from the Central Chaos ;—*Planets* from *Suns* ; and *Satellites* from *Planets*. In this state of things, the Filament of *Organisation* would begin to exert itself, in those independent masses which, in proportion to their bulk, exposed the greatest surface to the action of *Light* and *Heat*. This Filament, after an infinite series of ages, would begin to *ramify*, and its viviparous offspring would diversify their forms and habits, so as to accommodate themselves to the various *incunabula* which Nature had prepared for them.—Upon this view of things, it seems highly probable that the first effort of Nature terminated in the production of *Vegetables*, and that these being abandoned to their own *energies*, by degrees detached themselves from the surface of the earth, and supplied themselves with wings or feet, according as their different propensities determined them in favour of aerial and terrestrial existence. Others by an

How *Planes*, their substance with their motion
 grown,
 Form the huge *Cube*, the *Cylinder*, the *Cone*.

Lo ! where the chimney's sooty tube ascends,
 The fair TROCHAI¹ from the corner bends !
 Her coal-black eyes upturn'd, incessant mark
 The eddying smoke, quick flame, and volent
 spark ;

Mark with quick ken, where flashing in between
 Her much loved *Smoke-Jack* glimmers through
 the scene ;

Mark, how his various parts together tend,—
 Point to one purpose,—in one object end :
 The spiral *grooves* in smooth meanders flow,
 Drags the long *chain*, the polish'd axles glow,
 While slowly circumples the piece of beef
 below :

inherent disposition to society and civilization, and by a stronger effort of *volition*, would become Men. These, in time, would restrict themselves to the use of their *hind feet* : their *tails* would gradually rub off, by sitting in their caves or huts, as soon as they arrived at a domesticated state : they would invent *language*, and the use of *fire*, with our present and hitherto imperfect system of *Society*. In the mean while, the *Fuci* and *Algae*, with the *Corallines* and *Madrepores*, would transform themselves into *fish*, and would gradually populate all the sub-marine portion of the globe.

¹ *Trochais*—The Nymph of the Wheel, supposed to be in love with Smoke-Jack.

The conscious fire¹ with bickering radiance burns,
Eyes the rich joint, and roasts it as it turns.

So youthful Horner roll'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plum from out his Christmas pye,
And cried, in self-applause—"How good a boy
"am I."

So she, sad victim of domestic spite,
Fair Cinderella, past the wintry night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
Her form disfigured, and her charms obscured.
Sudden her God-mother appears in sight,
Lifts the charm'd rod, and chants the mystic rite.
The chanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new ear-rings deck her listening ears ;²

¹ *The. Conscious Fire*—The Sylphs and Genii of the different elements have a variety of innocent occupations assigned them: those of fire are supposed to divert themselves with writing *Kunkel* in phosphorus.—See ECONOMY OF VEGETATION.

"Or mark with shining letters Kunkel's name

"In the slow *phosphor's* self-consuming flame."

² *Listening ears*—Listening, and therefore peculiarly suited to a pair of diamond ear-rings. See the description of Nebuchadnezzar, in his transformed state.

"Nor flattery's self can pierce his *pendant ears*."

In poetical diction, a person is said to "*breathe the BLUE air*," and to "*drink the HOARSE wave*!"—not that the colour of the sky, or the noise of the water, has any reference to drinking or breathing, but because the Poet obtains the advantage of thus describing his subject under a *double*

While 'midst her towering tresses, aptly set,
 Shines bright with quivering glance, the smart
 aigrette ;
 Brocaded filks the splendid drefs complete,
 And the Glass Slipper grasps her fairy feet.
 Six cock-tail'd mice¹ transport her to the ball,
 And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

relation, in the same manner in which material objects present themselves to our different senses at the same time.

¹ *Cock-tail'd mice*—*coctilibus Muris*. *Ovid*.—There is reason to believe, that the *murine*, or *mouse* species, were anciently much more numerous than at the present day. It appears from the sequel of the line, that Semiramis surrounded the city of Babylon with a number of these animals.

Dicitur altam

Coctilibus Muris cinxisse Semiramis urbem.

It is not easy at present to form any conjecture with respect to the end, whether of ornament or defence, which they could be supposed to answer. I should be inclined to believe, that in this instance the mice were dead, and that so vast a collection of them must have been furnished by way of tribute, to free the country from these destructive animals. This superabundance of the *murine* race, must have been owing to their immense fecundity, and to the comparatively tardy reproduction of the *feline* species. The traces of this disproportion are to be found in the early history of every country.—The ancient laws of Wales estimate a Cat at the price of as much corn as would be sufficient to cover her, if she were suspended by the tail with her fore-feet touching the ground.—See Howel-Dha.—In Germany, it is recorded that an army of rats, a larger animal of the *mus* tribe, were employed as the Ministers of Divine vengeance

Alas ! that partial Science should approve
 The sly RECTANGLE's¹ too licentious love !
 For *three* bright nymphs the wily wizard burns ;—
Three bright-eyed nymphs requite his flame by
 turns.

Strange force of magic skill ! combined of yore
 With Plato's science and Menecmus'² lore.
 In *Afric's* schools, amid those sultry sands
 High on its base where Pompey's pillar stands,
 This learnt the Seer ; and learnt, alas ! too well,
 Each scribbled talisman, and smoky spell :
 What mutter'd charms, what soul-subduing arts
 Fell Zantanai³ to his sons imparts.

against a feudal Tyrant ; and the commercial legend of our own Whittington, might probably be traced to an equally authentic origin.

¹ *Rectangle*—"A figure which has one Angle, or more, " of ninety degrees." Johnson's Dictionary.—It here means a right-angled Triangle, which is therefore incapable of having more than one Angle of ninety degrees, but which may, according to our Author's *Protopopæia*, be supposed to be in love with Three, or any greater number of nymphs.

² *Plato's and Menecmus' lore*—Proclus attributes the discovery of the Conic Sections to Plato, but obscurely. Eratosthenes seems to adjudge it to Menecmus "*Neque Menecmeos necesse erit in Cono secare ternarios*" (Vide *Montucla*.) From Greece they were carried to Alexandria, where (according to our Author's beautiful fiction) *Rectangle* either did or might learn magic.

³ *Zatanai*—Supposed to be the same with Satan.—Vide the "New Arabian Nights," translated by Cazotte, author of "*Le Diable amoureux*."

GINS¹—black and huge! who in Dom-Daniel's
cave²

Writhe your scorch'd limbs on sulphur's³ azure
wave,

Or, shivering, yell amidst eternal snows,
Where cloud-capp'd Caf⁴ protrudes his granite
toes;

(Bound by his will, *Judæa's* fabled king,⁵
Lord of *Aladdin's* Lamp and mystic Ring.)

Gins! ye remember!—for your toil convey'd

¹ *Gins*—the Eastern name for Genii.—Vide Tales of ditto.

² *Dom-Daniel*—a sub-marine palace near Tunis, where Zatanai usually held his court.—Vide "New Arabian Nights."

³ *Sulphur*—A substance which, when cold, reflects the yellow rays, and is therefore said to be yellow. When raised to a temperature at which it *attracts oxygen* (a process usually called *burning*), it emits a blue flame. This may be beautifully exemplified, and at a moderate expense, by igniting those *fasciculi* of brimstone *matches*, frequently sold (so frequently, indeed, as to form one of the London cries) by women of an advanced age, in this metropolis. They will be found to yield an *azure*, or blue light.

⁴ *Caf*—the Indian *Caucasus*.—Vide *Bailly's Lettres sur l'Atlantide*, in which he proves that this was the native country of Gog and Magog (now resident in Guildhall), as well as of the Peris, or fairies, of the Asiatic Romances.

⁵ *Judæa's fabled king*—Mr. HIGGINS does not mean to deny that Solomon was really king of Judæa. The epithet *fabled*, applies to that empire over the Genii, which the retrospective generosity of the Arabian fabulists has bestowed upon this monarch.

Whate'er of drugs the powerful charm could aid ;
 Air, earth, and sea ye search'd, and where below
 Flame embryo lavas, young volcanoes¹ glow,—
 Gins ! ye beheld appall'd the enchanter's hand
 Wave in dark air the *Hypothenusal* wand ;
 Saw him the mystic *Circle* trace, and wheel
 With head erect, and far-extended heel ;²

¹ *Young volcanoes*.—The genesis of burning mountains was never, till lately, well explained. Those with which we are best acquainted are certainly not viviparous ; it is therefore probable that there exists in the centre of the earth, a considerable reservoir of their eggs, which, during the obstetrical convulsions of general earthquakes, produce new volcanoes.

² *Far extended heel*.—The personification of *ReAngle*, besides answering a poetical purpose, was necessary to illustrate Mr. HIGGINS's philosophical opinions. The ancient mathematicians conceived that a Cone was generated by the revolution of a Triangle ; but this, as our Author justly observes, would be impossible, without supposing in the Triangle that *expansive nifus*, discovered by Blumenbach, and improved by Darwin, which is peculiar to animated matter, and which alone explains the whole mystery of organization. Our enchanter sits on the ground, with his heels stretched out, his head erect, his wand (or *Hypothenusæ*) resting on the extremities of his feet and the tip of his nose, (as is finely expressed in the engraving in the original work) and revolves upon his bottom with great velocity. His skin, by magical means, has acquired an indefinite power of expansion, as well as that of assimilating to itself all the *azote* of the air which he decomposes by expiration from his lungs—an immense quantity, and which in our present unimproved and uneconomical mode

Saw him, with speed that mock'd the dazzled eye,
 Self-whirl'd, in quick gyrations eddying fly:
 Till done the potent spell—behold him grown
 Fair *Venus'* emblem—the *Phœnician CONE*.¹

Triumphs the Seer, and now secure observes
 The kindling passions of the *rival CURVES*.

And first, the fair PARABOLA² behold,
 Her timid arms, with virgin blush, unfold!
 Though, on one *focus* fix'd, her eyes betray
 A heart that glows with love's resistless sway,
 Though, climbing oft, she strive with bolder grace
 Round his tall neck to clasp her fond embrace,
 Still ere she reach it from his polish'd side
 Her trembling hands in devious *Tangents* glide.

Not thus HYPERBOLA³:³—with subtlest art
 The blue-eyed wanton plays her changeful part;

of breathing, is quite thrown away. By this simple process the transformation is very naturally accounted for.

¹ *Phœnician Cone*—It was under this shape that Venus was worshipped in Phœnicia. Mr. HIGGINS thinks it was the *Venus Urania*, or Celestial Venus; in allusion to which, the Phœnician grocers first introduced the practice of preserving sugar loaves in blue or sky-coloured paper—he also believes that the *conical* form of the original grenadiers' caps was typical of the loves of Mars and Venus.

² *Parabola*—The curve described by projectiles of all sorts, as bombs, shuttle-cocks, &c.

³ *Hyperbola*—Not figuratively speaking, as in rhetoric, but mathematically; and therefore blue-eyed.

Quick as her *conjugated axes* move
Through every posture of luxurious love,
Her sportive limbs with easiest grace expand ;
Her charms unveil'd provoke the lover's hand :—
Unveil'd, except in many a filmy ray
Where light *Asymptotes*¹ o'er her bosom play,
Nor touch her glowing skin, nor intercept the day.

Yet why, ELLIPSIS,² at thy fate repine ?
More lasting bliss, securer joys are thine.
Though to each fair his treacherous wifh may stray,
Though each in turn, may seize a transient sway,
'Tis thine with mild coercion to restrain,
Twine round his struggling heart, and bind with
endless chain.

Thus, happy France ! in thy regenerate land,
Where TASTE with RAPINE saunters hand in hand ;
Where nursed in seats of innocence and bliss,
REFORM greets TERROR with fraternal kifs ;
Where mild PHILOSOPHY first taught to scan
The *wrongs* of PROVIDENCE, and *rights* of MAN ;

¹ *Asymptotes*—"Lines which though they may approach
"still nearer together, till they are nearer than the least
"assignable distance, yet being still produced infinitely, will
"never meet."—Johnson's Dictionary.

² *Ellipsis*—A curve, the revolution of which on its
axis produces an Ellipsoid, or solid, resembling the eggs of
birds, particularly those of the gallinaceous tribe. *Ellipsis*
is the only curve that embraces the Cone.

Where MEMORY broods o'er FREEDOM's earlier scene,

The *Lantern* bright, and brighter *Guillotine* ;—
Three gentle swains evolve their longing arms,
And woo the young REPUBLIC's virgin charms :
And though proud *Barras* with the fair succeed,
Though not in vain the Attorney *Rewbell* plead,
Oft doth the impartial nymph their love forego,
To clasp thy crooked shoulders, blest *Lepaux* !

So, with dark dirge athwart the blasted heath,
Three Sister Witches hail'd the appall'd Macbeth.

So, the *Three* Fates beneath grim Pluto's roof,
Strain the dun warp, and weave the murky woof ;
'Till deadly Atropos with fatal sheers
Slits the thin promise of the expected years,
While 'midst the dungeon's gloom or battle's din,
Ambition's victims perish as they spin.

Thus, the *Three* Graces on the Idalian green,
Bow with deft homage to Cythera's Queen ;
Her polish'd arms with pearly bracelets deck,
Part her light locks, and bare her ivory neck ;
Round her fair form ethereal odours throw,
And teach the unconscious zephyrs where to blow.
Floats the thin gauze, and glittering as they play,
The bright folds flutter in phlogistic day.

So, with his Daughters *Three*, the unscathed
Lear

Heaved the loud sigh, and pour'd the glistening tear ;
 His Daughters *Three*, save one alone, conspire
 (Rich in his gifts) to spurn their generous Sire ;
 Bid the rude storm his hoary tresses drench,
 Stint the spare meal, the Hundred Knights re-
 trench ;

Mock his mad sorrow, and with alter'd mien
 Renounce the daughter, and assert the queen.
 A father's griefs his feeble frame convulse,
 Rack his white head, and fire his feverous pulse ;
 Till kind Cordelia soothes his soul to rest,
 And folds the Parent-Monarch to her breast.

Thus some fair Spinster grieves in wild affright,
 Vex'd with dull megrim, or vertigo light ;
 Pleased round the fair *Three* dawdling doctors stand,
 Wave the white wig, and stretch the asking hand,
 State the grave doubt,—the nauseous draught
 decree,
 And all receive, though none deserve, a fee.

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
 The Derby dilly, carrying *Three* INSIDES.
 One in each corner fits, and lolls at ease,
 With folded arms, propt back, and outstretch'd
 knees ;
 While the prefs'd *Bodkin*, punch'd and squeezed
 to death,
 Sweats in the midmost place, and scolds, and
 pants for breath.

The frequent solicitations which we have received for a continuation of the "Loves of the Triangles," have induced us to lay before the Public (with Mr. Higgins's permission) the concluding lines of the Canto. The catastrophe of Mr. and Mrs. Gingham, and the Episode of Hippona, contained, in our apprehension, several reflexions of too free a nature. The Conspiracy of Parameter and Abscissa against the Ordinate, is written in a strain of poetry so very splendid and dazzling, as not to suit the more tranquil majesty of diction which our Readers admire in Mr. Higgins. We have therefore begun our Extract with the Loves of the Giant Ifoſceles, and the Picture of the Affes' Bridge, and its several Illustrations.

'Twas thine alone, O youth of giant frame,
Ifoſceles!¹ that rebel heart to tame!
In vain coy Matheſis² thy preſence flies:

¹ *Ifoſceles*—An equi-crural Triangle—It is represented as a *Giant*, becauſe Mr. HIGGINS ſays he has obſerved that procerity is much promoted by the equal length of the legs, more eſpecially when they are long legs.

² *Matheſis*—The doctrine of Mathematics—Pope calls her *mad Matheſis*.—Vide *Johnson's Dictionary*.

Still turn her fond hallucinating¹ eyes ;
 Thrill with *Galvanic* fires² each tortuous nerve,
 Throb her blue veins, and dies her cold reserve.
 —Yet strives the fair, till in the Giant's breast
 She sees the mutual passion flame confess'd :
 Where'er he moves, she sees his tall limbs trace
*Internal Angles*³ equal at the Base ;
 Again she doubts him : but *produced at will*,
 She sees *the external Angles equal still*.

¹ *Hallucinating*—The disorder with which Mathesis is affected, is a disease of *increased volition*, called *erotomania*, or *sentimental love*. It is the fourth species of the second genus of the first order and third class ; in consequence of which Mr. Hackman shot Miss Ray in the lobby of the playhouse.—Vide *Zoonomia*, Vol. II. pp. 363, 365.

² *Galvanic Fires*—Dr. Galvani is a celebrated philosopher at Turin. He has proved that the electric fluid is the proximate cause of nervous sensibility ; and Mr. HIGGINS is of opinion, that by means of this discovery, the sphere of our disagreeable sensations may be, in future, considerably enlarged. “ Since dead frogs (says he) are awakened “ by this fluid, to such a degree of posthumous sensibility, “ as to jump out of the glass in which they are placed, “ why not men who are sometimes so much more sensible “ when alive ? And if so, why not employ this new “ stimulus to deter mankind from dying (which they so “ pertinaciously continue to do) of various old-fashioned “ diseases, notwithstanding all the brilliant discoveries of “ modern philosophy, and the example of Count Cagliostro ? ”

³ *Internal Angles, &c.*—This is an exact verification of Euclid's 5th theorem.—Vide *Euclid in loco*.

Say, blest Isosceles ! what favouring power,
 Or love, or chance, at night's auspicious hour,
 While to the *Asses'-Bridge*¹ entranced you stray'd,
 Led to the *Asses'-Bridge* the enamour'd maid ?
 —The *Asses'-Bridge*, for ages doom'd to hear
 The deafening furge assault his wooden ear,
 With joy repeats sweet sounds of mutual bliss,
 The soft susurrant sigh, and gently-murmuring kiss.

So thy dark arches, *London Bridge*, bestride
 Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide,
 There oft—returning from those green retreats,
 Where fair *Vauxballia* decks her sylvan seats ;—
 Where each spruce nymph from city compters free,
 Sips the froth'd syllabub, or fragrant tea ;
 While with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt
 champagne,
 Her 'prentice lover soothes his amorous pain ;
 —There oft, in well-trimm'd wherry, glide along
 Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering
 throng ;

¹ *Asses' Bridge*—*Pons Asinorum*—The name usually given to the before-mentioned theorem—though, as Mr. HIGGINS thinks, absurdly. He says, that having frequently watched companies of asses during their passage of a bridge, he never discovered in them any symptoms of geometrical instinct upon the occasion.—But he thinks that with Spanish asses, which are much larger (vide *Townsend's Travels through Spain*), the case may possibly be different.

Smells the tarr'd rope—with undulation fine
 Flaps the loose sail—the filken awnings shine ;
 “ Shoot we the bridge ! ”—the venturous boat-
 men cry—
 “ Shoot we the bridge ! ”—the exulting fare¹ reply—
 —Down the steep fall the headlong waters go,
 Curls the white foam, the breakers roar below.
 —The veering helm the dextrous steersman stops,
 Shifts the thin oar, the fluttering canvas drops ;
 Then with closed eyes, clench'd hands, and
 quick-drawn breath,
 Darts at the central arch, nor heeds the gulf beneath.
 —Full 'gainst the pier the unsteady timbers knock,
 The loose planks starting own the impetuous shock ;
 The shifted oar, dropt sail, and steadied helm,
 With angry surge the closing waters whelm—
 —Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair
 one's charms
 That screams and scrambles in his oozy arms.
 —Drench'd each smart garb, and clogg'd each
 struggling limb,
 Far o'er the stream the Cockneys sink or swim ;
 While each badged boatman² clinging to his oar,
 Bounds o'er the buoyant wave, and climbs the
 applauding shore.

¹ *Fare*—A person, or a number of persons conveyed in a hired vehicle by land or water.

² *Badged boatmen*—Boatmen sometimes wear a *badge*, to distinguish them : especially those who belong to the Watermen's Company.

So, towering Alp ! from thy majestic ridge¹
 Young Freedom gazed on Lodi's blood-stain'd
Bridge ;

—Saw, in thick throngs, conflicting armies rush,
 Ranks close on ranks, and squadrons squadrons
 crush ;

—Burst in bright radiance through the battle's
 storm,

Waved her broad hands, display'd her awful form ;
 Bade at her feet regenerate nations bow,
 And twined the wreath round Buonaparte's brow.

—Quick with new lights, fresh hopes, and alter'd
 zeal,

The slaves of Despots dropt the blunted steel :
 Exulting Victory own'd her favourite child,
 And freed Liguria clapt her hands and smiled.

Nor long the time ere Britain's shores shall greet
 The warrior-sage, with gratulation sweet :
 Eager to grasp the wreath of Naval Fame,
 The GREAT REPUBLIC plans the *Floating Frame !*
 —O'er the huge plane gigantic *Terror* stalks,
 And counts with joy the close-compacted balks :

¹ *Alp or Alps*—A ridge of mountains which separate the North of Italy from the South of Germany. They are evidently primeval and volcanic, consisting of granite, toad-stone, and basalt, and several other substances, containing animal and vegetable recrements, and affording numberless undoubted proofs of the infinite antiquity of the earth, and of the consequent falsehood of the Mosiac Chronology.

Of young-eyed *Massacres* the Cherub crew,
 Round their grim chief the mimic task pursue ;
 Turn the stiff screw,¹ apply the strengthening
 clamp,
 Drive the long bolt, or fix the stubborn cramp,
 Lash the reluctant beam, the cable splice,
 Join the firm dove tail with adjustment nice,
 Through yawning fissures urge the willing wedge,
 Or give the smoothing adze a sharper edge.
 —Or group'd in fairy bands with playful care,
 The unconscious bullet to the furnace bear ;
 Or gaily tittering, tip the match with fire,
 Prime the big mortar, bid the shell aspire ;
 Applaud, with tiny hands, and laughing eyes,
 And watch the bright destruction as it flies.

Now the fierce forges gleam with angry glare—
 The windmill² waves his woven wings in air ;

¹ *Turn the stiff screw, &c.*—The harmony and imagery of these lines are imperfectly imitated from the following exquisite passage in the *Economy of Vegetation* :

“ Gnomes, as you now dissect, with hammers fine,
 “ The granite rock, the nodul'd flint calcine ;
 “ Grind with strong arm, the circling Chertz betwixt,
 “ Your pure ka—o—lins and Pe—tunt—ses mixt.”

Canto 2, l. 297.

² *The windmill, &c.*—This line affords a striking instance of the sound conveying an echo to the sense.—I would defy the most unfeeling reader to repeat it over, without accompanying it by some corresponding gesture imitative of the action described.—*Editor.*

Swells the proud sail, the exulting streamers fly,
 Their nimble fins unnumber'd paddles ply :
 —Ye soft airs breath, ye gentle billows waft,
 And fraught with Freedom, bear the expected Raft !
 —Perch'd on her back, behold the Patriot train,
 Muir, Ashley, Barlow, Tone, O'Connor, Paine ;
 While Tandy's hand directs the blood-empurpled
 rein.

Ye Imps of Murder, guard her angel form,
 Check the rude surge, and chase the hovering
 storm ;
 Shield from contusive rocks her timber limbs,
 And guide the sweet Enthusiast¹ as she swims !

—And now, with web-foot oars, she gains the
 land,
 And foreign footsteps press the yielding sand :
 —The Communes spread, the gay Departments
 smile,
 Fair Freedom's Plant o'er shades the laughing isle :
 —Fired with new hopes, the exulting peasant sees
 The Gallic streamer woo the British breeze ;
 While, pleased to watch its undulating charms,
 The smiling infant² spreads his little arms.

Sweet Enthusiast, &c.—“ A term usually applied in
 “ allegoric or technical poetry, to any person or object to
 “ which no other qualifications can be assigned.”—*Cham-*
bers's Dictionary.

² *The smiling Infant*—Infancy is particularly interested

Ye Sylphs of DEATH, on demon pinions flit
Where the tall Guillotine is raised for Pitt :
To the poised plank tie fast the monster's back,¹
Close the nice slider, ope the expectant sack ;
Then twitch, with fairy hands, the frolic pin—
Down falls the impatient axe with deafening din ;
The liberated head rolls off below,²
And simpering Freedom hails the happy blow !

in the diffusion of the new principles.—See the “Bloody
“Buoy”—see also the following description and predic-
tion :

“ Here Time's huge fingers grasp his giant mace,
“ And dash proud Superstition from her base ;
“ Rend her strong towers and gorgeous fanes, &c.
 &c. &c. &c. &c.
“ While each light moment, as it passes by,
“ With feathery foot and pleasure-twinkling eye,
“ Feeds from its baby-hand with many a kiss
“ The callow nestlings of domestic bliss.”

Botanic Garden.


¹ *The monster's back*—Le Monstre Pitt, l'Ennemi du
Genre humain.—See Debates of the Legislators of the
Great Nation *passim*.

² Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursus.—*Catullus*.





THE ROVERS.

OUR ingenious Correspondent, Mr. HIGGINS, has not been idle. The deserved popularity of the Extracts, which we have been enabled to give from his two Didactic Poems, the PROGRESS OF MAN, and the LOVES OF THE TRIANGLES, has obtained for us the communication of several other works, which he has in hand, all framed upon the same principle, and directed to the same end. The propagation of the New System of Philosophy forms, as he has himself candidly avowed to us, the main object of all his writings. A system comprehending not Politics only, and Religion, but Morals and Manners, and generally whatever goes to the composition or holding together of Human Society; in all of which a total change and revolution is absolutely necessary (as he contends) for the advancement of our common nature to its true dignity, and to the summit of that perfection which the combination of matter, called MAN, is by its innate energies capable of attaining.

Of this System, while the sublimer and more scientific branches are to be taught by the splendid and striking medium of Didactic Poetry, or *rationation in rhyme*, illustrated with such paintings and portraitures of Essences and their Attributes, as may lay hold of the imagination, while they perplex the judgment ;—the more ordinary parts, such as relate to the conduct of common life, and the regulation of social feelings, are naturally the subject of a less elevated style of writing ;—of a style which speaks to the eye as well as to the ear, —in short, of Dramatic Poetry and Scenic Representation.

“ With this view,” says Mr. HIGGINS (for we love to quote the very words of this extraordinary and indefatigable writer), “ with this view,” says he in a letter dated from his study in St. Mary Axe, the window of which looks upon the parish pump —“ with this view, I have turned my thoughts “ more particularly to the German Stage ; and “ have composed, in imitation of the most popular “ pieces of that country, which have already met “ with so general reception and admiration in “ this,—a Play : which, if it has a proper run, “ will, I think, do much to unhinge the present “ notions of men with regard to the obligations “ of Civil Society ; and to substitute in lieu of a “ sober contentment, and regular discharge of the “ duties incident to each man’s particular situation, a wild desire of undefinable latitude and

“extravagance,—an aspiration after shapeless
 “somethings, that can neither be described nor
 “understood,—a contemptuous disgust at all that
 “is, and a persuasion that nothing is as it ought to
 “be ;—to operate, in short, a general discharge
 “of every man (in his own estimation) from
 “every tie which laws divine or human, which
 “local customs, immemorial habits, and multi-
 “plied examples impose upon him ; and to set
 “them about doing what they like, where they
 “like, when they like, and how they like,—
 “without reference to any law but their own
 “will, or to any consideration of how others may
 “be affected by their conduct.

“When this is done, my dear Sir,” continues
 Mr. H. (for he writes very confidentially)—
 “You see that a great step is gained towards the
 “dissolution of the frame of every existing com-
 “munity. I say nothing of *Governments*, as *their*
 “fall is of course implicated in that of the Social
 “System :—and you have long known, that I
 “hold every Government (that acts by coercion
 “and restriction—by laws made by the few to
 “bind the many) as a *malum in se*,—an evil to be
 “eradicated,—a nuisance to be abated,—by force,
 “if force be practicable, if not,—by the artillery
 “of reason—by pamphlets, speeches, toasts at
 “Club-dinners, and though last, not least, by Di-
 “dactic Poems.

“But where would be the advantage of the

“ destruction of this or that Government, if the
“ form of Society itself were to be suffered to
“ continue such, as that another must necessarily
“ arise out of it, and over it?—Society, my dear
“ Sir, in its present state, is a *hydra*. Cut off one
“ head,—another presently sprouts out, and your
“ labour is to begin again. At best, you can only
“ hope to find it a *polypus*;—where, by cutting
“ off the *head*, you are sometimes fortunate
“ enough to find a *tail* (which answers all the same
“ purposes) spring up in its place. This, we
“ know, has been the case in France;—the only
“ country in which the great experiment of re-
“ generation has been tried with any thing like a
“ fair chance of success.

“ Destroy the frame of society,—decompose its
“ parts,—and set the elements fighting one against
“ another,—insulated and individual,—every man
“ for himself (stripped of prejudice, of bigotry,
“ and of feeling for others) against the remainder
“ of his species;—and there is then some hope
“ of a totally new *order of things*,—of a *Radical*
“ *Reform* in the present corrupt System of the
“ World.

“ The German Theatre appears to proceed on
“ this judicious plan. And I have endeavoured
“ to contribute my mite towards extending its
“ effect and its popularity. There is one obvious
“ advantage attending this mode of teaching;—
“ that it can proportion the infractions of law

“ religion, or morality, which it recommends, to
 “ the capacity of a reader or spectator. If you tell
 “ a student, or an apprentice, or a merchant’s
 “ clerk, of the virtue of a Brutus, or of the splen-
 “ dour of a La Fayette, you may excite his *desire*
 “ to be equally conspicuous; but how is he to set
 “ about it? Where is he to find the tyrant to
 “ murder? How is he to provide the monarch
 “ to be imprisoned, and the national guards to be
 “ reviewed on a white horse?—But paint the
 “ beauties of *forgery* to him in glowing colours;
 “ —shew him that the presumption of virtue is in
 “ favour of rapine, and occasional murder on the
 “ highway;—and he presently understands you.
 “ The highway is at hand—the till or the counter
 “ is within reach. These *haberdashers’ bernicks*
 “ come home to the business and the bosoms of
 “ men. And you may readily make ten *foot-*
 “ *pads*, where you would not have materials nor
 “ opportunity for a single *tyrannicide*.

“ The subject of the piece, which I herewith
 “ transmit to you, is taken from common or
 “ middling life; and its merit is that of teaching
 “ the most lofty truths in the most humble style,
 “ and deducing them from the most ordinary oc-
 “ currences. Its moral is obvious and easy; and
 “ is one frequently inculcated by the German
 “ Dramas which I have had the good fortune to
 “ see; being no other than ‘ *the reciprocal duties*
 “ *of one or more husbands to one or more wives, and to*

“ the children who may happen to arise out of this
“ complicated and endearing connection.’ The
“ plot, indeed, is formed by the combination of
“ the plots of *two* of the most popular of these
“ plays (in the same way as Terence was wont
“ to combine two stories of Menander’s). The
“ characters are such as the admirers of these plays
“ will recognize for their familiar acquaintances.
“ There are the usual ingredients of imprison-
“ ments, post-houses and horns, and appeals to
“ angels and devils. I have omitted only the
“ *swearing*, to which English ears are not yet
“ sufficiently accustomed.

“ I transmit at the same time a *Prologue*, which
“ in some degree breaks the matter to the audi-
“ ence. About the song of Rogero, at the end
“ of the first Act, I am less anxious than about
“ any other part of the performance, as it is, in
“ fact, literally translated from the composition of
“ a young German friend of mine, an *Illuminé*,
“ of whom I bought the original for three and
“ sixpence. It will be a satisfaction to those of
“ your Readers, who may not at first sight hit
“ upon the tune to learn, that it is setting by a
“ hand of the first eminence.—I send also a rough
“ sketch of the plot, and a few occasional notes.
“ —The *Geography* is by the young Gentleman
“ of the *Morning Chronicle*.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIOR of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH, *very corpulent and cruel.*

ROGERO, a Prisoner in the Abbey, in love with MATILDA POTTINGEN.

CASIMERE, a Polish Emigrant, in Dembrowsky's Legion, married to CECILIA, but having several children by MATILDA.

PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON, English Noblemen, exiled by the tyranny of King John, previous to the signature of Magna Charta.

RODERIC, Count of SAXE WEIMAR, a bloody Tyrant, with red hair, and an amorous complexion.

GASPAR, the Minister of the Count; Author of ROGERO's Confinement.

Young POTTINGEN, Brother to MATILDA.

MATILDA POTTINGEN, in love with ROGERO, and Mother to CASIMERE's Children.

CECILIA MÜCKENFELD, Wife to CASIMERE.

Landlady, Waiter, Grenadiers, Troubadours, &c. &c.

PANTALOWSKY and BRITCHINDA, Children of MATILDA, by CASIMERE.

JOACHIM, JABEL, and AMARANTHA, Children of MATILDA, by ROGERO.

Children of CASIMERE and CECILIA, with their respective Nurses.

Several Children; Fathers and Mothers unknown.

The Scene lies in the Town of WEIMAR, and the Neighbourhood of the ABBEY of QUEDLINBURGH.

Time, from the 12th to the present Century.

OR,

PROLOGUE—*in Character.*

To-night our Bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
His Plot has borrow'd from the German schools ;
—The German schools—where no dull maxims
bind
The bold expansion of the electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place :
Round the dark confines of the forest raves,

To-night our Bard, who scorns pedantic rules,
His Plot has borrow'd from the German schools ;
—The German schools—where no dull maxims
bind
The bold expansion of the electric mind.
Fix'd to no period, circled by no space,
He leaps the flaming bounds of time and place :
Round the dark confines of the forest raves,

With *gentle* Robbers¹ stocks his gloomy caves;
 Tells how Prime Ministers² are shocking things,
 And *reigning Dukes* as bad as tyrant Kings;
 How to *twofwains*³ *one* nymph her vows may give,
 And how *two* damsels³ with *one* lover live!
 Delicious scenes!—such scenes *our* Bard displays,
 Which, crown'd with German, sue for British,
 praise.

Slow are the steeds, that through Germania's
 roads
 With hempen rein the slumbering post-boy goads,

¹ See the "Robbers," a German tragedy, in which Robbery is put in so fascinating a light, that the whole of a German University went upon the highway in consequence of it.

² See "Cabal and Love," a German tragedy, very severe against Prime Ministers, and reigning Dukes of Brunswick.—This admirable performance very judiciously reprobates the hire of German troops for the *American* War in the reign of Queen Elizabeth—a practice which would undoubtedly have been highly discreditable to that wise and patriotic Princess, not to say wholly unnecessary, there being no American War at that particular time.

³ See the "Stranger; or, Reformed Housekeeper," in which the former of these morals is beautifully illustrated;—and "Stella," a genteel German comedy, which ends with placing a man *bodkin* between *two wives*, like *Thames* between his *two banks*, in the Critic. Nothing can be more edifying than these two Dramas. I am shocked to hear that there are some people who think them ridiculous.

Slow is the slumbering post-boy, who proceeds
Through deep sands floundering, on those tardy
steeds;

More slow, more tedious, from his husky throat
Twangs through the twisted horn the struggling
note.

These truths confess'd—Oh! yet, ye travell'd
few,

Germania's *Plays* with eyes unjaundiced view!
View and approve!—though in each passage fine
The faint translation¹ mock the genuine line,
Though the nice ear the erring sight belie,
For *U twice dotted* is pronounced like *I*;¹

[*Applause.*

Yet oft the scene shall Nature's fire impart,
Warm *from* the breast, and glowing *to* the
heart!

¹ These are the warnings very properly given to Readers, to beware how they judge of what they cannot understand. Thus, if the translation runs "*lightning of my soul, fulguration of angels, sulphur of hell*;" we should recollect that this is not coarse or strange in the German language, when applied by a lover to his mistress; but the English has nothing precisely parallel to the original *Mulychause Archangelichen*, which means rather *emanation of the archangelical nature*—or to *Smellmynkern Vankelfer*, which, if literally rendered, would signify *made of stuff of the same odour whereof the Devil makes flambeaux*. See Schüttenbrück on the German Idiom.

Ye travell'd few, attend!—On *you* our Bard
Builds his fond hope! Do you his genius guard!

[*Applause.*]

Nor let succeeding generations say

—A British Audience *damn'd* a German Play.

[*Loud and continued Applauses.*]

Flash of Lightning. The Ghost of PROLOGUE's
GRANDMOTHER by the Father's side, appears
to soft music in a white tiffany riding-hood.
PROLOGUE kneels to receive her blessing, which
she gives in a solemn and affecting manner, the
Audience clapping and crying all the while.
Flash of Lightning. PROLOGUE and his
GRANDMOTHER sink through the trap-door.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene represents a Room at an Inn, at Weimar.

*On one side of the Stage the Bar-room, with
Fellies, Lemons in Nets, Syllabubs, and part of
a cold roast Fowl, &c. On the opposite side a
Window looking into the Street, through which
Persons (Inhabitants of Weimar) are seen passing
to and fro in apparent agitation. MATILDA
appears in a Great Coat and Riding Habit,
seated at the corner of the Dinner Table, which
is covered with a clean Huckaback Cloth—Plates,*

and Napkins, with Buck's-Horn-handled Knives and Forks, are laid as if for four Persons.

Matilda.



IS it impossible for me to have dinner sooner?

Land. Madam, the Brunswick post-wagon is not yet come in, and the Ordinary is never before two o'clock.

Mat. [*With a look expressive of disappointment, but immediately recomposing herself.*] Well, then, I must have patience. [*Exit landlady.*] Oh Casimere!—How often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation!—What a difference, alas!—Dinner—it is taken away as soon as over, and we regret it not!—It returns again with the return of appetite.—The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday.—But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish!—Love only, dear, delusive, delightful Love, restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification!

Post-born blows,—Re-enter Landlady.

Land. Madam, the post-wagon is come in with only a single gentlewoman.

Mat. Then shew her up—and let us have dinner instantly ; [*Landlady going*] and remember [*after a moment's recollection, and with great eagerness*] remember the toasted cheese. [*Exit Landlady.*]

Cecilia enters, in a brown Cloth Riding-dress, as if just alighted from the Post-wagon.

Mat. Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

Cec. The way was dusty, Madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

Mat. [*Aside*] Thank heaven ! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own [*to Cecilia*]—Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

Cec. The dawn of life—when this blossom [*putting her hand upon her heart*] first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love !

Mat. Yes—the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another !—The blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum !—

Cec. Your countenance grows animated, my dear Madam.

Mat. And yours too is glowing with illumination.

Cec. I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit!—my heart was withered—but the beams of yours have re-kindled it.

Mat. A sudden thought strikes me—Let us swear an eternal friendship.

Cec. Let us agree to live together!

Mat. Willingly. [*with rapidity and earnestness.*]

Cec. Let us embrace. [*they embrace.*]

Mat. Yes; I too have loved!—you, too, like me, have been forsaken!

[*doubtingly, and as if with a desire to be informed.*]

Cec. Too true!

Both. Ah these men! these men!

*Landlady enters, and places a Leg of Mutton on the Table, with four Krout and Pruin Sauce—then a small Dish of Black Puddings.—*CECILIA and MATILDA appear to take no notice of her.

Mat. Oh Casimere!

Cec. [*Aside*] Casimere! that name!—Oh my heart, how it is distracted with anxiety.

Mat. Heavens! Madam, you turn pale.

Cec. Nothing—a slight megrim—with your leave, I will retire—

Mat. I will attend you.

[*Exeunt MATILDA and CECILIA. Manent Landlady and Waiter, with the Dinner on the Table.*]

Land. Have you carried the dinner to the prisoner in the vaults of the abbey?

Waiter. Yes.—Pease soup as usual—with the scrag end of a neck of mutton—the emissary of the Count was here again this morning, and offered me a large sum of money if I would consent to poison him.

Land. Which you refused?

[with hesitation and anxiety.]

Waiter. Can you doubt it? *[with indignation.]*

Land. *[recovering herself, and drawing up with an expression of dignity]* The conscience of a poor man is as valuable to him as that of a prince. . . .

Waiter. It ought to be still more so, in proportion as it is generally more pure.

Land. Thou say'st truly, Job.

Waiter. *[with enthusiasm]* He who can spurn at wealth when proffered as the price of crime, is greater than a prince.

Post-born blows. Enter CASIMERE *(in a travelling dress—a light blue great coat with large metal buttons—his hair in a long queue, but twisted at the end; a large Kevenhuller hat; a cane in his hand).*

Cas. Here, Waiter, pull off my boots, and bring me a pair of slippers. *[Exit Waiter]* And hark'ye, my lad, a basin of water *[rubbing his hands]* and a bit of soap—I have not washed since I began my journey.

Waiter. *[answering from behind the door]* Yes, sir.

Cas. Well, Landlady, what company are we to have?

Land. Only two gentlewomen, sir.—They are just slept into the next room—they will be back again in a minute.

Cas. Where do they come from?

[*All this while the Waiter re-enters with the basin and water, CASIMERE pulls off his boots, takes a napkin from the table, and washes his face and hands.*]

Land. There is one of them I think comes from Nuremburg.

Cas. [*Aside*] From Nuremburg [*with eagerness*] her name?

Land. Matilda.

Cas. [*Aside*] How does this idiot woman torment me!—What else!

Land. I can't recollect.

Cas. Oh agony! [*in a paroxysm of agitation.*]

Waiter. See here, her name upon the travelling trunk—Matilda Pottingen.

Cas. Ecstasy! ecstasy! [*embracing the Waiter.*]

Land. You seem to be acquainted with the lady—shall I call her?

Cas. Instantly—instantly—tell her, her loved, her long-lost—tell her—

Land. Shall I tell her dinner is ready?

Cas. Do so—and in the mean while I will look after my portmanteau. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene changes to a subterraneous Vault in the Abbey of Quedlinburgh ;—with Coffins, 'Scutcheons, Death's Heads and Cross bones.—Toads and other loathsome Reptiles are seen traversing the obscurer parts of the stage.—ROGERO appears, in chains, in a Suit of rusty Armour, with his beard grown, and a Cap of a grotesque form upon his head.—Beside him a Crock, or Pitcher, supposed to contain his daily allowance of sustenance.—A long silence, during which the wind is heard to whistle through the Caverns.—ROGERO rises, and comes slowly forward, with his arms folded.

Rog. Eleven years ! it is now eleven years since I was first immured in this living sepulchre—the cruelty of a Minister—the perfidy of a Monk—yes, Matilda ! for thy sake—alive amidst the dead—chained—coffined—confined—cut off from the converse of my fellowmen.—Soft !—what have we here ? [*Stumbles over a bundle of sticks*] This cavern is so dark, that I can scarcely distinguish the objects under my feet. Oh !—the register of my captivity—Let me see, how stands the account ? [*Takes up the sticks, and turns them over with a melancholy air ; then stands silent for a few moments, as if absorbed in calculation*] eleven years and fifteen days ;—Hah ! the twenty-eighth of August ! How does the recollection of it vibrate on my heart ! It was

on this day that I took my last leave of Matilda. It was a summer evening—her melting hand seemed to dissolve in mine, as I prest it to my bosom—Some demon whispered me that I should never see her more.—I stood gazing on the hated vehicle which was conveying her away for ever.—The tears were petrified under my eyelids.—My heart was crystallized with agony.—Anon—I looked along the road.—The Diligence seemed to diminish every instant.—I felt my heart beat against its prison, as if anxious to leap out and overtake it.—My soul whirled round as I watched the rotation of the hinder wheels.—A long trail of glory followed after her, and mingled with the dust—it was the emanation of Divinity, luminous with love and beauty—like the splendour of the setting sun—but it told me that the sun of my joys was sunk for ever—Yes, here in the depths of an eternal dungeon—in the nursing cradle of hell—the suburbs of perdition—in a nest of demons, where despair in vain sits brooding over the putrid eggs of hope ; where agony woos the embrace of death ; where patience, beside the bottomless pool of despondency, sits angling for impossibilities—Yet even *here*, to behold her, to embrace her—Yes, Matilda, whether in this dark abode, amidst toads and spiders, or in a royal palace, amidst the more loathsome reptiles of a Court, would be indifferent to me—Angels would shower down their hymns of gratulation upon our heads—

while fiends would envy the eternity of suffering love. Soft, what air was that? it seemed a sound of more than human warblings—Again [*listens attentively for some minutes*]—Only the wind—It is well, however—it reminds me of that melancholy air, which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity—Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*Takes his Guitar, tunes it, and begins the following Air with a full accompaniment of Violins from the Orchestra.*]

[*Air, Lanterna Magica.*]

SONG

BY ROGERO.

I.

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
 I think of those companions true
 Who studied with me at the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen,—
 —niversity of Gottingen.
 [*Weeps, and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds—*]

II.

Sweet kerchief, check'd with heavenly blue,
 Which once my love sat knotting in!—

Alas! Matilda *then* was true!

At least I thought so at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this Line, ROGERO
clanks his Chains in cadence.*]

III.

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew,

Her neat post-wagon trotting in!

Ye bore Matilda from my view;

Forlorn I languish'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

IV.

This faded form! this pallid hue!

This blood my veins is clotting in,

My years are many—they were few

When first I enter'd at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

V.

There first for thee my passion grew,

Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!

Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—

—tor, Law Professor at the U—

—niversity of Gottingen—

—niversity of Gottingen.

VI.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
 That kings and priests are plotting in :
 Here doom'd to starve on water-gru—
 —el' never shall I see the U—
 —niversity of Gottingen—
 —niversity of Gottingen.—

[*During the last Stanza* ROGERO *dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his Prison; and, finally, so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The Curtain drops—the Music still continuing to play, till it is wbolly fallen.*

¹ A manifest error—since it appears from the Waiter's conversation that Rogero was not doomed to starve on water-gruel, but on pease-soup; which is a much better thing. Possibly the length of Rogero's imprisonment had impaired his memory; or he might wish to make things appear worse than they really were; which is very natural, I think, in such a case as this poor unfortunate gentleman's.—*Printer's Devil.*



WE have received, in the course of the last week, several long, and to say the truth, dull letters, from unknown hands, reflecting, in very severe terms, on Mr. HIGGINS, for having, as it is affirmed, attempted to pass upon the world, as a faithful sample of the productions of the German Theatre, a performance no way resembling any of those pieces, which have of late excited, and which bid fair to engross the admiration of the British Public.

As we cannot but consider ourselves as the guardians of Mr. HIGGINS's literary reputation, in respect to every work of his which is conveyed to the world through the medium of our paper (though, what we think of the danger of his principles, we have already sufficiently explained for ourselves, and have, we trust, succeeded in putting our Readers upon their guard against them)—we hold ourselves bound not only to justify the fidelity of the imitation—but (contrary to our original intention) to give a further specimen of it in our present Number, in order to bring the question more fairly to issue between our Author and his calumniators.

In the first place, we are to observe, that Mr. HIGGINS professes to have taken his notion of German plays wholly from the Translations

which have appeared in our language.—If *they* are totally dissimilar from the originals, Mr. H. may undoubtedly have been led into error; but the fault is in the translators, not in him. That he does not differ widely from the models which he proposed to himself, we have it in our power to prove satisfactorily; and might have done so in our last Number, by subjoining to each particular passage of his play, the scene in some one or other of the German plays, which he had in view when he wrote it. These parallel passages were faithfully pointed out to us by Mr. H. with that candour which marks his character; and if they were suppressed by us (as in truth they were) on our heads be the blame, whatever it may be. Little, indeed, did we think of the imputation which the omission would bring upon Mr. H. as in fact, our principal reason for it, was the apprehension, that from the extreme closeness of the imitation in most instances, he would lose in praise for invention, more than he would gain in credit for fidelity.

The meeting between Matilda and Cecilia, for example, in the First Act of the “Rovers,” and their sudden intimacy, has been censured as unnatural. Be it so. It is taken *almost word for word*, from “Stella,” a German (or professedly a German) piece now much in vogue; from which also the catastrophe of Mr. HIGGINS’s play is in part borrowed, so far as relates to the agree-

ment to which the Ladies come, as the Reader will see by and by, to share Casimere between them.

The dinner scene is copied partly from the published translation of the "Stranger," and partly from the first scene of "Stella." The song of Rogero, with which the first act concludes, is admitted on all hands to be in the very first taste; and if no German original is to be found for it, so much the worse for the credit of German literature.

An objection has been made by one anonymous letter-writer, to the names of Puddingfield and Beefington, as little likely to have been assigned to English characters by any author of taste or discernment. In answer to this objection, we have, in the first place, to admit that a small, and we hope not an unwarrantable, alteration has been made by us since the MS. has been in our hands.—These names stood originally Puddincrantz and Beefinstern, which sounded to our ears as being liable, especially the latter, to a ridiculous inflection—a difficulty that could only be removed by furnishing them with English terminations. With regard to the more substantial syllables of the names, our Author proceeded in all probability on the authority of Goldoni, who, though not a German, is an Italian writer of considerable reputation; and who, having heard that the English were distinguished for their love of

liberty and beef, has judiciously compounded the two words *Runnymede* and *beef*, and thereby produced an English nobleman, whom he styles *Lord Runnybeef*.

To dwell no longer on particular passages—the best way perhaps of explaining the whole scope and view of Mr. H.'s imitation, will be to transcribe the short sketch of the plot, which that Gentleman transmitted to us, together with his Drama, and which it is perhaps the more necessary to give at length, as the limits of our paper not allowing of the publication of the whole piece, some general knowledge of its main design may be acceptable to our Readers, in order to enable them to judge of the several Extracts which we lay before them.

PLOT.

Rogero, son of the late minister of the Count of Saxe Weimar, having, while he was at college, fallen desperately in love with Matilda Pottingen, daughter of his tutor, Doctor Engelbertus Pottingen, Professor of Civil Law; and Matilda evidently returning his passion, the Doctor, to prevent ill consequences, sends his daughter on a visit to her Aunt in Wetteravia, where she becomes acquainted with Casimere, a Polish Officer, who happens to be quartered near her Aunt's; and has several children by him.

Roderic, Count of Saxe Weimar, a Prince of a tyrannical and licentious disposition, has for his Prime Minister and

favourite, Gaspar, a crafty villain, who had risen to his post by first ruining, and then putting to death, Rogero's father.—Gaspar, apprehensive of the power and popularity which the young Rogero may enjoy at his return to Court, seizes the occasion of his intrigue with Matilda (of which he is apprized officially by Doctor Pottingen) to procure from his Master an order for the recall of Rogero from college, and for committing him to the care of the Prior of the Abbey of Quedlinburgh, a Priest, rapacious, savage, and sensual, and devoted to Gaspar's interests—sending at the same time private orders to the Prior to confine him in a dungeon.

Here Rogero languishes many years. His daily sustenance is administered to him through a grated opening at the top of a cavern, by the Landlady of the Golden Eagle at Weimar, with whom Gaspar contracts, in the Prince's name, for his support; intending, and more than once endeavouring, to corrupt the Waiter to mingle poison with the food, in order that he may get rid of Rogero for ever.

In the mean time Casimere, having been called away from the neighbourhood of Matilda's residence to other quarters, becomes enamoured of, and marries Cecilia, by whom he has a family; and whom he likewise deserts after a few years cohabitation, on pretence of business which calls him to Kamtschatka.

Doctor Pottingen, now grown old and infirm, and feeling the want of his daughter's society, sends young Pottingen in search of her, with strict injunctions not to return without her; and to bring with her either her present lover Casimere, or, should that not be possible, Rogero himself, if he can find him; the Doctor having set his heart upon seeing his children comfortably settled before his death. Matilda, about the same period, quits her Aunt's in search of Casimere; and Cecilia having been advertised (by an anonymous letter) of the falsehood of his Kamtschatka journey, sets out in the post-wagon on a similar pursuit.

It is at this point of time the Play opens—with the accidental meeting of Cecilia and Matilda at the Inn at Weimar. Casimere arrives there soon after, and falls in first with Matilda, and then with Cecilia. Successive *éclaircissements* take place, and an arrangement is finally made, by which the two Ladies are to live jointly with Casimere.

Young Pottingen, wearied with a few weeks' search, during which he has not been able to find either of the objects of it, resolves to stop at Weimar, and wait events there. It so happens that he takes up his lodging in the same house with Puddincrantz and Beefinsfern, two English Noblemen, whom the tyranny of King John has obliged to fly from their country; and who, after wandering about the Continent for some time, have fixed their residence at Weimar.

The news of the signature of Magna Charta arriving, determines Puddincrantz and Beefinsfern to return to England. Young Pottingen opens his case to them, and intreats them to stay to assist him in the object of his search. —This they refuse; but coming to the Inn where they are to set off for Hamburgh, they meet Casimere, from whom they had both received many civilities in Poland.

Casimere, by this time, tired of his "DOUBLE ARRANGEMENT," and having learnt from the Waiter that Rogero is confined in the vaults of the neighbouring Abbey *for love*, resolves to attempt his rescue, and to make over Matilda to him as the price of his deliverance. He communicates his scheme to Puddingfield and Beefington, who agree to assist him; as also does Young Pottingen. The Waiter of the Inn proving to be a *Knight Templar* in disguise, is appointed leader of the expedition. A band of Troubadours, who happen to be returning from the Crusades, and a Company of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers returning from the Seven Years' War, are engaged as troops.

The attack on the Abbey is made with success. The Count of Weimar and Gaspar, who are feasting with the Prior, are seized and beheaded in the Refectory. The Prior is thrown into the dungeon, from which Rogero is rescued. Matilda and Cecilia rush in. The former recognizes Rogero, and agrees to live with him. The Children are produced on all sides—and Young Pottingen is commissioned to write to his father, the Doctor, to detail the joyful events which have taken place, and to invite him to Weimar to partake of the general felicity.

ACT II.

Scene—a Room in an ordinary Lodging-house, at WEIMAR. PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON discovered, sitting at a small deal Table, and playing at All-Fours. Young POTTINGEN, at another Table in the corner of the Room, with a Pipe in his Mouth, and a Saxon Mug of a singular shape beside him, which he repeatedly applies to his lips, turning back his head, and casting his eyes towards the Firmament—at the last trial he holds the Mug for some moments in a directly inverted position; then replaces it on the Table, with an air of dejection, and gradually sinks into a profound slumber. The Pipe falls from his hand, and is broken.

Beefington.



BEG.

Pudd. [deals three Cards to BEEFINGTON] Are you satisfied?

Beef. Enough. What have you?

Pudd. High—Low—and the Game.

Beef. Damnation! 'tis my deal. [*deals—turns up a knave*] One for his heels! [*triumphantly.*

Pudd. Is king highest?

Beef. No. [*sternly*] The game is mine. The knave gives it me.

Pudd. Are knaves so prosperous?

Beef. Ay marry are they in this world. They have the game in their hands. Your kings are but *noddies*¹ to them.

Pudd. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Still the same proud spirit, Beefington, which procured thee thine exile from England.

Beef. England! my native land!—when shall I revisit thee?

[*during this time PUDDINGFIELD deals and begins to arrange his hand.*

Beef. [*continues*] Phoo—Hang All-Fours; what are they to a mind ill at ease?—Can they cure the heart-ache?—Can they soothe banishment?—

¹ This is an excellent joke in German; the point and spirit of which is but ill-*Rendered* in a translation. A NODDY, the Reader will observe, has two significations—the one a *knave at All-Fours*: the other a *fool* or *booby*. See the translation by Mr. Render of Count Benyowsky, or the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka, a German Tragi-Comi-Comi-Tragedy; where the play opens with a Scene of a Game at Chefs (from which the whole of this Scene is copied) and a joke of the same point, and merriment, about Pawns, *i. e.* Boors being a *match for Kings*.

Can they lighten ignominy?—Can All-Fours do this?—O! my Puddingfield, thy limber and lightsome spirit bounds up against affliction—with the elasticity of a well-bent bow; but mine—O! mine—

[falls into an agony, and sinks back in his Chair. Young POTTINGEN, awakened by the noise, rises, and advances with a grave demeanour towards BEEFINGTON and PUDDINGFIELD. The former begins to recover.

Y. Pot. What is the matter, Comrades?—you seem agitated. 'Have you lost or won?

Beef. Lost.—I have lost my country.

Y. Pot. And I my sister.—I came hither in search of her.

Beef. O, England!

Y. Pot. O, Matilda!

Beef. Exiled by the tyranny of an Usurper, I seek the means of revenge, and of restoration to my country.

Y. Pot. Oppressed by the tyranny of an Abbot, persecuted by the jealousy of a Count, the betrothed husband of my sister languishes in a

¹ This word in the original is strictly *fellow-lodgers*—“Co-occupants of the same room, in a house let out at a small rent by the week.”—There is no single word in English which expresses so complicated a relation, except perhaps the cant term of *chum*, formerly in use at our Universities.

loathsome captivity—Her lover is fled no one knows whither—and I, her brother, am torn from my paternal roof and from my studies in chirurgery; to seek him and her, I know not where—to rescue Rogero, I know not how. Comrades, your counsel—my search fruitless—my money gone—my baggage stolen! What am I to do?—In yonder Abbey—in these dark, dank vaults, there, my friends—there lies Rogero—there Matilda's heart—

SCENE II.

Enter Waiter.

Waiter. Sir, here is a person who desires to speak with you.

Beef. [*Goes to the door, and returns with a Letter, which he opens—On perusing it his countenance becomes illuminated, and expands prodigiously*] Hah, my friend, what joy!

[*turning to* PUDDINGFIELD.

Pudd. What? tell me—let your Puddingfield partake it.

Beef. See here— [*produces a printed Paper.*

Pudd. What?— [*with impatience.*

Beef. [*in a significant tone*] A newspaper!

Pudd. Hah, what sayst thou!—A newspaper!

Beef. Yes, Puddingfield, and see here [*shows it partially*] from England.

Pudd. [*with extreme earnestness*] Its name !

Beef. The *Daily Advertiser*—

Pudd. Oh ecstasy !

Beef. [*with a dignified severity*] Puddingfield, calm yourself—repress those transports—remember that you are a man.

Pudd. [*after a pause with suppressed emotion*] Well, I will be—I am calm—yet tell me, Beefington, does it contain any news ?

Beef. Glorious news, my dear Puddingfield—the Barons are victorious—King John has been defeated—Magna Charta, that venerable immemorial inheritance of Britons was signed last Friday was three weeks, the third of July Old Style.

Pudd. I can scarce believe my ears—but let me satisfy my eyes—shew me the paragraph.

Beef. Here it is, just above the advertisements.

Pudd. [*reads*] “ The great demand for Pack-wood’s Razor Straps ”—

Beef. ’Pshaw ! what, ever blundering—you drive me from my patience—see here, at the head of the column.

Pudd. [*reads*]

“ A hireling Print, devoted to the Court,

“ Has dared to question our veracity

“ Respecting the events of yesterday ;

“ But by to-day’s accounts, our information

“ Appears to have been perfectly correct.

“ The Charter of our Liberties received

"The Royal Signature at five o'clock,
 "When Messengers were instantly dispatch'd
 "To Cardinal Pandulfo; and their Majesties,
 "After partaking of a cold collation,
 "Return'd to Windsor."—I am satisfied.

Beef. Yet here again—there are some further particulars [*turns to another part of the Paper*]
 "Extract of a Letter from Egham—'My dear
 "friend, we are all here in high spirits—the
 "interesting event which took place this morning
 "at Runnymede, in the neighbourhood of this
 "town'"—

Pudd. Hah! Runnymede—enough—no more
 —my doubts are vanished—then are we free
 indeed!—

Beef. I have, besides, a Letter in my pocket
 from our Friend, the immortal Bacon, who has
 been appointed Chancellor.—Our outlawry is
 reversed!—what says my Friend—shall we re-
 turn by the next packet?

Pudd. Instantly, instantly!

Both. Liberty!—Adelaide!—revenge!

*[Exeunt—Young POTTINGEN following, and
 waving his Hat, but obviously without
 much consciousness of the meaning of what
 has passed.]*

*Scene changes to the outside of the Abbey. A
 Summer's Evening—Moonlight.*

*Companies of Austrian and Prussian Grenadiers
 march across the stage, confusedly, as if returning*

from the Seven Years' War. Shouts and martial Music.

The Abbey gates are opened. The Monks are seen passing in procession, with the Prior at their head. The Choir is heard chaunting Vespers. After which a pause. Then a Bell is heard, as if ringing for supper. Soon after, a noise of singing and jollity.

Enter from the Abbey, pushed out of the gates by the Porter, a TROUBADOUR, with a bundle under his cloak, and a LADY under his arm. TROUBADOUR seems much in liquor, but caresses the FEMALE MINSTREL.

Fem. Min. Trust me, Gieronymo, thou seemest melancholy. What hast thou got under thy cloak?

Trou. 'Pshaw, women will be inquiring. Melancholy! not I.—I will sing thee a song, and the subject of it shall be thy question—"what have I got under my cloak?" It is a riddle, Margaret—I learnt it of an Almanac-maker at Gotha—if thou guessest it after the first stanza, thou shalt have never a drop for thy pains. Hear me—and, d'ye mark! twirl thy thingumbob while I sing.

Fem. Min. 'Tis a pretty tune, and hums dolefully.

*[Plays on the Balalaika.¹
Troubadour sings.*

¹ The Balalaika is a Russian instrument, resembling the guitar.—See the Play of "Count Benyowsky," *Rendered into English.*

I bear a secret comfort *here*,
 [putting his hand on the bundle
 without shewing it.
 A joy I'll ne'er impart ;
 It is not wine, it is not beer,
 But it consoles my heart.

Fem. Min. [interrupting him] I'll be han-
 if you don't mean the bottle of cherry-bran
 that you stole out of the vaults in the Abl
 cellar.

Trou. I mean!—Peace, wench, thou disturb'st
 the current of my feelings—

[Fem. Min. attempts to lay hold of the bottle.
Troubadour pushes her aside, and continues
singing without interruption.

This cherry-bounce, this loved noyau,
 My drink for ever be ;
 But, sweet my love, thy wish forego ;
 I'll give no drop to thee !

[Both together.]

Trou. { This } cherry-bounce { this } loved noyau,
F. M. { That } { that }
Trou. { My } drink for ever be ;
F. M. { Thy }

Trou. } But, sweet my love, { thy wish forego !
F. M. } { one drop bestow.

Trou. { I } keep it all for { me !
F. M. { Nor } { thee !

[*Exeunt struggling for the bottle, but without anger or animosity, the Fem. Min. appearing by degrees to obtain a superiority in the contest.*]

END OF ACT II.

Act the Third—contains the eclairsissements and final arrangement between Casimere, Matilda, and Cecilia ; which so nearly resemble the concluding Act of “Stella,” that we forbear to lay it before our Readers.

ACT IV.

Scene—the Inn door—Diligence drawn up. CASIMERE appears superintending the package of his Portmanteaux, and giving directions to the Porters.

Enter BEEFINGTON and PUDDINGFIELD.

Puddingfield.



WELL, Coachey, have you got two inside places ?

Coach. Yes, your Honour.

Pudd. [seems to be struck with CASI-

MERE's appearance. *He surveys him earnestly, without paying any attention to the Coachman, then doubtingly pronounces*] Cafimere!

Cas. [*turning round rapidly, recognizes* PUD-
DINGFIELD, *and embraces him.*

Cas. My Puddingfield!

Pudd. My Cafimere!

Cas. What, Beefington too! [*discovering him*]
then is my joy complete.

Beef. Our fellow-traveller, as it seems?

Cas. Yes, Beefington—but wherefore to Ham-
burgh?

Beef. Oh, Cafimere¹—to fly—to fly—to re-
turn—England—our country—Magna Charta—
it is liberated—a new era—House of Commons—
Crown and Anchor—Opposition—

Cas. What a contrast! you are flying to Li-
berty and your home—I driven from my home by
tyranny—am exposed to domestic slavery in a
foreign country.

Beef. How domestic slavery?

Cas. Too true—two wives [*slowly, and with*

¹ See "Count Benyowsky: or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka," where Crustiew, an old gentleman of much sagacity, talks the following nonsense.

Crustiew. [*with youthful energy and an air of secrecy and confidence*] "To fly, to fly, to the isles of Marian—the island of Tinian—a terrestrial paradise. Free—free—a mild climate—a new-created sun—wholesome fruits—harmless inhabitants—and Liberty—tranquillity."

a dejected air—then after a pause] you knew my Cecilia?

Pudd. Yes, five years ago.

Cas. Soon after that period I went upon a visit to a Lady in Wetteravia—my Matilda was under her protection—alighting at a peasant's cabin, I saw her on a charitable visit, spreading bread and butter for the children, in a light blue riding-habit. The simplicity of her appearance—the fineness of the weather—all conspired to interest me—my heart moved to hers—as if by a magnetic sympathy—we wept, embraced, and went home together—she became the mother of my Pantalowsky. But five years of enjoyment have not stifled the reproaches of my conscience—her Rogero is languishing in captivity—if I could restore her to *him*!

Beef. Let us rescue him.

Cas. Will without power,¹ is like children playing at soldiers.

Beef. Courage without power,² is like a sumptive running footman.

Cas. Courage without power is a contradiction.³—Ten brave men might set all Quedlinburgh at defiance.

¹ See "Count Benyowsky," as before.

² See "Count Benyowsky."

³ See "Count Benyowsky" again. From which Play this and the preceding references are taken word for word. We acquit the Germans of such reprobate silly stuff. It must be the translator's.

Beef. Ten brave men—but where are they to be found?

Cas. I will tell you—marked you the Waiter?

Beef. The Waiter?— [*doubtingly.*]

Cas. [*in a confidential tone*] No Waiter, but a *Knight Templar*. Returning from the Crusade, he found his Order dissolved, and his person proscribed. He dissembled his rank, and embraced the profession of a Waiter. I have made sure of him already. There are, besides, an Austrian and a Prussian Grenadier. I have made them abjure their national enmity, and they have sworn to fight henceforth in the cause of Freedom. These, with Young Pottingen, the Waiter, and ourselves, make seven—the Troubadour, with his two attendant Minstrels, will complete the ten.

Beef. Now then for the execution.

[*with enthusiasm.*]

Pudd. Yes, my boys—for the execution.

[*clapping them on the back.*]

Waiter. But hift! we are observed.

Trou. Let us by a song conceal our purposes.

RECITATIVE ACCOMPANIED.¹

Cas. Hift! hift! nor let the airs that blow
From Night's cold lungs, our purpose
know!

¹ We believe this song to be copied, with a small varia-

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Waiter

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Pudd. Let Silence, mother of the dumb,*Beef.* Press on each lip her palsied thumb !*Wait.* Let Privacy, allied to Sin,

That loves to haunt the tranquil inn—

Gren. } And Conscience start when we shall view,*Trou.* } The mighty deed we mean to do !GENERAL CHORUS—*Con spirito.*

Then Friendship swear, ye faithful Bands,

Swear to save a shackled hero !

See where yon Abbey frowning stands !

Rescue, rescue, brave Rogero !

Cas. Thrall'd in a Monkish tyrant's fetters

Shall great Rogero hopeless lie ?

R.Pot. In my pocket I have letters,

Saying, " help me, or I die ! "

*Allegro Allegretto.**Cas. Beef. Pudd. Gren.* }*Trou. Waiter, and Pot.* }*with enthusiasm.*

Let us fly, let us fly,

Let us help, ere he die !

[*Exeunt omnes, waving their hats.*]

*Scene—the Abbey Gate, with Ditches, Draw-
bridges, and Spikes. Time—about an hour before*

tion in metre and meaning, from a song in "Count
"Benyowsky; or, the Conspiracy of Kamtschatka,"—
where the conspirators join in a chorus *for fear of being
overheard.*

Sunrise. The conspirators appear as if in ambuscade, whispering, and consulting together, in expectation of the Signal for attack. The WAITER is habited as a Knight Templar, in the dress of his Order, with the Cross on his breast, and the scallop on his shoulder. PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON armed with Blunderbusses and Pocket-pistols; the GRENADIERS in their proper Uniforms. The TROUBADOUR with his attendant Minstrels, bring up the rear—martial Music—the Conspirators come forward, and present themselves before the Gate of the Abbey. Alarum—firing of Pistols—the Convent appear in Arms upon the Walls—the Drawbridge is let down—a Body of Choristers and Lay-brothers attempt a Sally, but are beaten back and the Verger killed. The besieged attempt to raise the Drawbridge—PUDDINGFIELD and BEEFINGTON press forward with alacrity, throw themselves upon the Drawbridge, and by the exertion of their weight, preserve it in a state of depression—the other besiegers join them, and attempt to force the entrance, but without effect. PUDDINGFIELD makes the signal for the battering ram. Enter QUINTUS CURTIUS and MARCUS CURIUS DENTATUS, in their proper Military Habits, preceded by the Roman Eagle—the rest of their Legion are employed in bringing forward a battering ram, which plays for a few minutes to slow time, till the entrance is forced. After a

short resistance, the besiegers rush in with shouts of Victory.

Scene changes to the interior of the Abbey. The inhabitants of the Convent are seen flying in all directions.

The COUNT of WEIMAR and the PRIOR, who had been feasting in the Refectory, are brought in manacled. The COUNT appears transported with rage, and gnaws his chains. The PRIOR remains insensible, as if stupified with grief. BEEFINGTON takes the keys of the Dungeon, which are hanging at the PRIOR's girdle, and makes a sign for them both to be led away into confinement—Exeunt PRIOR and COUNT properly guarded. The rest of the Conspirators disperse in search of the Dungeon where ROGERO is confined.

THE END.

